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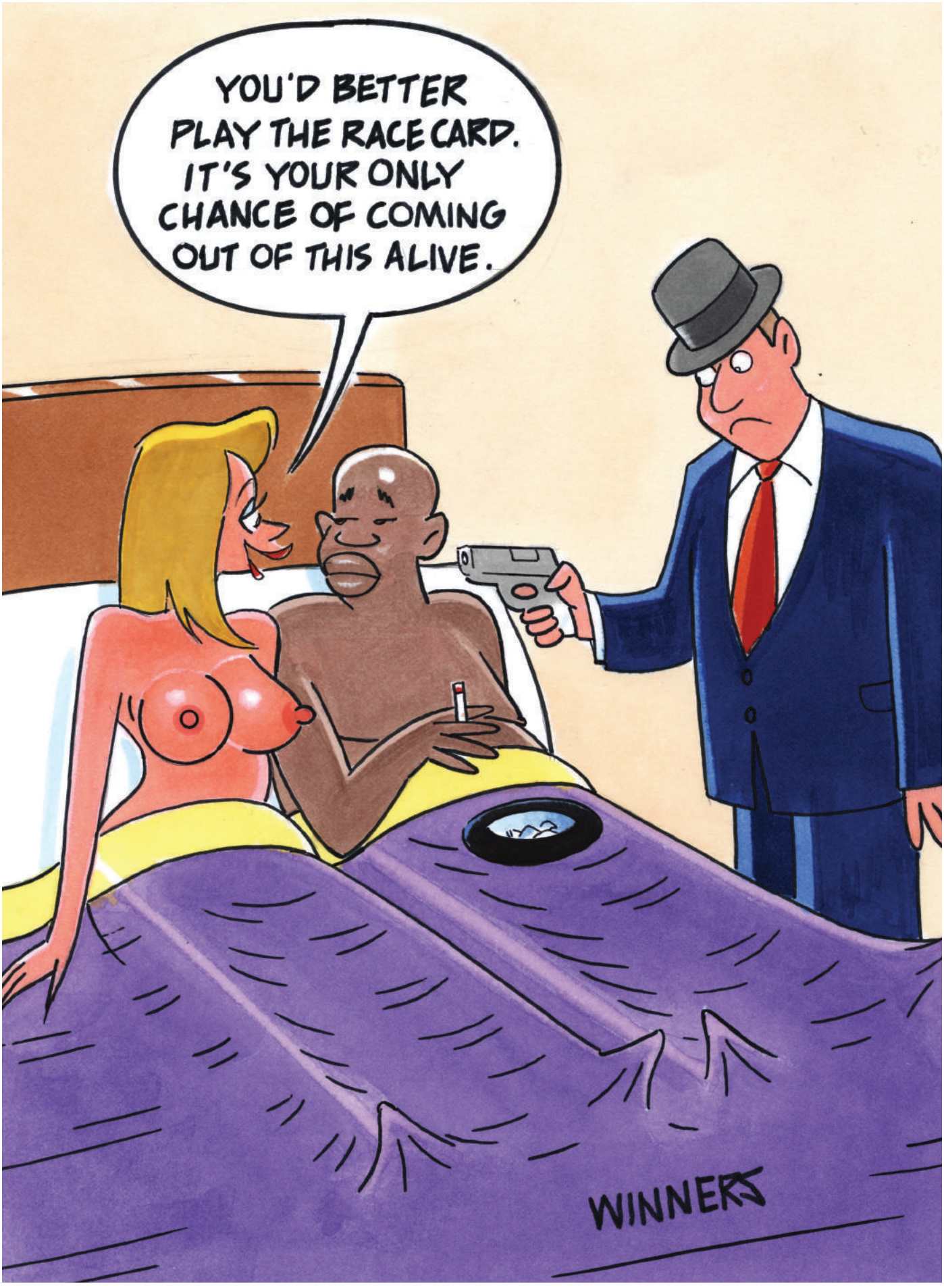
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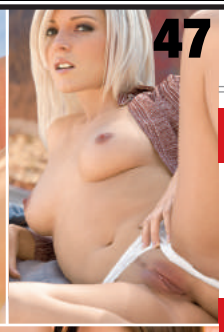

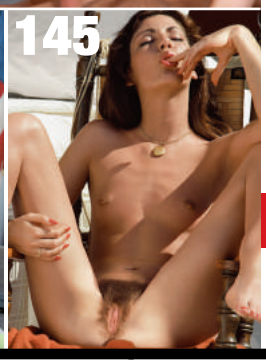

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THE END OF HABEAS CORPUS

On New Year's Eve 2011, President Barack Obama signed the National Defense Authorization Act into law. This bill further erodes our civil liberties by allowing the President to indefinitely detain—hold without legal counsel—anyone he declares to be a terrorist, including American citizens. Even though President Obama, in a signing statement, claimed he would never use this power, he now has that ability. And so will any future President.

Back in 1945, at the end of World War II, American journalist Milton Mayer went to Germany to find out why the Nazis had been allowed to destroy that country's civil liberties. One of the Germans Mayer interviewed for his book *They Thought They Were Free* explained it like this: "To live in this process is absolutely not to be able to notice it…each step so small, so inconsequential, so well explained…one no more saw it developing from day to day than a farmer in his field sees the corn growing. One day it is over his head."

So I ask you: Regarding the gradual erosion of America's civil liberties, how high is the corn in the field?

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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WHAT A TOOL

It's like having a toolbox in the palm of your hand. That's the quickest way to describe the **Switch**, the ultimate modular pocketknife. It features 18 attachments based on the most frequently used tools: a straight blade, serrated blade, wood saw, wrench, a flathead and a Phillips-head screwdriver, an eyeglass screwdriver, bottle opener, can opener/wire stripper, corkscrew, scissors, nail file, magnifying lens, pen, magnet, tweezer and an LED flashlight. You can also fully customize and organize your **Switch**'s width by swapping out its inner axles, grouping the tools into various orders or themes. The **Switch** is constructed from high-quality stainless steel and comes with a plastic case to keep all components organized and secure. This thing makes your Swiss Army Knife look like a plastic spork.

Available at ***Quirky.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.

MISSILE COMMAND

You work in an office full of jerks, assholes and suck-ups. Every day, you count down the minutes till you can escape that hellhole. The only thing that keeps you going is secretly fantasizing about sneaking in a rocket launcher and wiping out everyone. The **iLaunch Thunder Missile Launcher** is your dark fantasy come true. Sort of. This ultracool weapon of choice—which can be controlled by iPod touch, iPhone or iPad—comes with four foam projectiles. All you have to do is download software for Mac or Windows and start blasting away. The **iLaunch** will provide hours of fun until you finally do snap and bring in a real weapon to shoot up your workplace.

Available at ***DreamCheeky.com***. Suggested retail price: $34.99.

SUPER BASS

Finally, a rechargeable pocket-sized speaker for use with your music or mobile device that will make you say "Wow!" The **WOWee ONE** turns any surface into party central. Simply connect it to your MP3 player, iPad, iPod, mobile phone, laptop or gaming device for booming, supersonically clear sound. You can also use the little gizmo to make speakerphone calls! About the size of a bar of soap and weighing a mere seven ounces, the **WOWee ONE** goes anywhere and provides up to 20 hours of playtime on a single charge. Besides a built-in lithium-ion battery, the sleek unit features a cone speaker and SFX Gel Audio driver for a peak volume of 90 decibels. Small box. Big sound. **WOWee**!

Available at ***WOWeeONE.com***. Suggested retail price: $59.99.

GET FUCKED

No matter the occasion—your birthday, Christmas, Arbor Day—you always get crappy gifts. All you ever wanted was a fucking remote-control helicopter. Is that so much to ask for? The folks at ***ThinkGeek.com*** must have heard your

pleas because they now offer the **Flying Fuck R/C Helicopter**. Featuring a two-channel control system and dual counterrotating blades, this high-quality flying expletive hovers, turns and will do whatever the fuck you want it to. The copter runs on six AA batteries (not included), and the rechargeable remote provides seven minutes of flying for each ten minutes of charge time. This toy is fucking amazing. The best part is we have a **Flying Fuck R/C Helicopter** to give away. So fucking enter to fucking win. Sorry. We got a little fucking carried away.

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $19.99.

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For your chance to win a **Flying Fuck R/C Helicopter**, just fill out the fucking form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a fucking postcard) and send it to: **Bleeping Helicopter, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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HEY, IF YOU WANT ME TO STOP SHITTING IN THE HOUSE, TEACH ME HOW TO USE THE FUCKING TOILET!
WINNERS

IMMORAL VALUES REPUBLICAN

HOW THE HELL IS HOLIER-THAN-THOU HYPOCRITE NEWT GINGRICH STILL A KEY PLAYER IN THE GOP?

There's hope yet for Larry Flynt. If a total sleazebag like Newt Gingrich can be embraced by the so-called Christian Right the way he has been in the Republican primaries, then a mere pornographer like Flynt should easily attain salvation or at least have a credible run for the Presidency. Even in his heyday, Larry may have been truly decadent, but he wasn't ever the outrageous hypocrite that Newt—the darling of the "family values" Republicans—represents.

Can you imagine the gall of a politician, who claims to fear the judgment of the Almighty, going to the hospital to tell his cancer-stricken wife Jackie that he's leaving her for another woman? Then, after 19 years of marriage to that other woman, demanding—as second jilted wife Marianne Ginther told ABC News in that famous January 2012 interview—that she consent to an open marriage so he could go on fornicating with one of the young Congressional staffers who was working for him during his reign as Speaker of the House? And then having sex with that much younger aide, Callista Bisek, in the very bed he had shared with wife Marianne, at the very time he was condemning the President of the United States (Bill Clinton) for merely getting a blowjob in the White House?

Gingrich has the arrogance to blame his infidelities, as he did in an interview with the Christian Broadcasting Network, on his love not of women but of country: "There is no question at times of my life, partially driven by how passionately I felt about this country, that I worked far too hard, and things happened in my life that were not appropriate." That's one Clinton should have used to explain away his more muted dalliance with an intern.

At least Clinton stuck by his wife, as scripture dictates, but not so for Gingrich, who looked to marry arm-candy as a way of distracting from his own terminally frumpy appearance. Then he sought to shroud that sordid affair with the sanctity of the Roman Catholic Church by seeking an annulment of his marriage to Marianne to wed the never-married Callista in a Catholic house of worship.

You can just hear Newt telling some archbishop, "Hey, she's a heterosexual adult. And anyway, if you give me a hard time, I'll tell my Republican buddies in Congress to go after your tax-exempt status."

You can just hear Newt telling some archbishop, "Hey, she's a heterosexual adult. And anyway, if you give me a hard time, I'll tell my Republican buddies in Congress to go after your tax-exempt status."

The issue is hypocrisy. If Gingrich hadn't built a career on being holier-than-thou and blasting secular liberals for destroying the moral fiber of the nation, I wouldn't give a rat's ass about his extramarital affairs. But to have this guy in the public eye—for decades!—blaming everything from the depressed state of the economy to our inability to win unwinnable wars (that he supported) on our loss of religious values represents the deep rot of this moralizing demagogue.

What better cover than to embrace the Catholic faith of his latest squeeze? Newt claims to have been deeply moved by the church's teachings while he accompanied his mistress to Mass during the six years that he and Callista were having extramarital sex. Gingrich deems Catholicism important as a source of morality not because it might compel him to stop shtupping his mistress but rather because of "the crisis of secularism" that he maintains the Roman Catholic Church fought against as it swept through Europe and which now threatens the moral fiber of the United States.

To listen to the pope, you would think that the crisis was manifested precisely by the high rate of marital infidelity and divorce of which Gingrich was an avid devotee. But Newt is adept at turning history to his advantage, particularly when it involves those "elites" that fail to celebrate him.

In April 2011, as Gingrich was preparing to run for President, he delivered these words at a National Catholic Prayer Breakfast in the nation's capital: "The American elites are guided by their desire to emulate the European elites, and as a result, antireligious values and principles are coming to dominate the academic, news media and judicial class in America."

Even though Gingrich and others of his ideological ilk have dominated the selection of judges in recent decades, he singled out the "coercive secularism dominating our courts" as a major source of America's downfall. The message must be that if only the Southern Baptist Church—to which Gingrich belonged for the first 66 years of his life—had been freer to erect crosses in public places, he could have been saved from his own sinful behavior.

Newt, a product of decades of hoary Baptists preaching on sin, needed to turn to Catholic priests for a sterner example of sexual restraint? Or is it that he just had to get it on with a blond chippy half his age, and the Roman Catholic Church is so besieged by criminal and civil lawsuits over its own sexual transgressions that its hierarchy was more than eager to whitewash this powerful politician's sins so that he could have a shot at the Presidency?

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"Actually, I don't really feel I know a President until I've tasted his cum in my mouth…"

BECOMING A LIFELONG LEARNER

WHETHER STAYING IN AN INADEQUATE SCHOOL OR DROPPING OUT, THERE'S HOPE FOR THOSE WHO TAKE AN INITIATIVE.

All the growing furor about the vital need to reform education is based entirely on changing what happens in schools: making sure kids can go on to college, evaluating teachers to get rid of incompetents, broadening parents' choices of schools.

Does that mean that hordes of dropouts are doomed to poverty and uselessness? I've known a fair share who had a passionate interest in knowing more about something that wasn't included in the standardized collective testing they were subjected to in class—and they left.

I stayed in school, but while growing up and after, I also spent a lot of time in public libraries having a ball with subjects like the history of atheism (I never could leap into faith); the blues and jazz (leading me to write books about those musical genres); and why and how the First Amendment is the only guarantee we have of remaining free individuals against an imperial President and a tyrannical popular majority. From that self-reeducation came writing and speaking gigs that helped me make a living.

None of those aforementioned subjects were part of the curriculums at the prestigious Boston Public Latin School or Northeastern University, where the president kicked me out of the campus newspaper's editorship for being irreverently independent.

And I've known a number of scholastic dropouts who found a calling—a true vocation—way beyond academia. They did what one of my favorite independent souls, George Bernard Shaw, advised long ago: "Get some books that really grab you, get under a tree and read them. That's how you learn to learn. Keep reading."

I don't remember where I first saw the esteemed playwright's passport to meaningful knowledge, but it's stayed with me. And I think Shaw would dig what Larry Flynt wrote in his April '12 *Publisher's Statement*: "To those who have been frozen out of the education system, I say don't give up."

Leaving school in the eighth grade at age 15, Flynt joined the Navy ("with a fake ID"), but he treasured the value of knowledge. "Painfully aware of my lack of education," he told HUSTLER readers, "I subscribed to a book-of-the-month club. That was followed by a series of correspondence courses. And more reading—everything I could get my hands on."

Just like George Bernard Shaw advised.

Larry Flynt added: "Being self-taught won't open any doors for you, but it will teach you how to go around them."

I am not advocating that parents refrain from sending their kids to elementary school and beyond. Obviously, there are basic skills needed to be able to read and otherwise learn about the inner workings of the fields a young person wants to master. That most likely will require rather specialized courses later, but those should only be taught on an elective basis—not foisted on students by a rigid curriculum.

"As I often point out when writing about education in America, there are relatively few teachers who take a sustained interest in the personal learning objectives of the individual student and how well he or she is progressing."

As I often point out when writing about education in America, there are relatively few teachers who take a sustained interest in the personal learning objectives of the individual student and how well he or she is progressing. Instead, most teachers all the way up through graduate school are focused on what their students must collectively achieve vis-a-vis what a particular school demands of them.

To what extent have any of your teachers actually had a lasting influence on your life? More specifically, did they help correlate your personal learning goals with the kind of adult life you wanted to have?

For several years, I taught graduate classes at New York University. One was pretty straightforward: investigative journalism. The other was a music criticism course that connected the very lives of musicians and composers to their work, thereby revealing how such things as inner desires and regrets had an impact on their musical careers.

At some point in each of those, I asked the students to tell me how many of their teachers—from elementary school on—had indeed helped shape the values and perhaps the directions of their lives. Most of my students could name only two or three such teachers. If anything, most had been instructed by their teachers that what they were learning in class should direct their lives and values.

As I personally learned while writing papers or taking exams during my college years, if you accurately repeated parts of a professor's lectures, you got good grades. Only once was I shocked by a professor who expected more from his students. Returning exam papers, my sociology professor was clearly disappointed in everyone in the classroom. "You told me my conclusions on these developments and conflicts in our society," he sternly declared, "but I wanted to know what you think and believe and why."

That educator would be impressed, as I am, by an all-too-rare public school and the woman in charge: New York City's Millennium Art Academy. Principal Maxine Nodel reports that although "90% of the students live at or below the poverty line," the graduation rate is 87.3%.

Millennium's teachers, Nodel says, "engage in relentless outreach, visiting students at home when they have missed too much school" and "providing counseling and solace to students who are homeless." Nodel adds that in a senior English class on themes in Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*, the students "were able to articulate their claims and counterclaims by finding textual evidence and making connections via multiple perspectives."

Each of these kids at Millennium Art Academy is engaged in critical learning rather than robotic memorization of what the teacher says. Meanwhile, many other young people—but not enough of them—are finding answers on their own, beyond schools, because they have not given up on themselves.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*

"Ma'am, it sounds like you might be an African-American woman. If so, we would encourage you to have an abortion."

THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO DIED

OUR COLUMNIST STARES DEATH IN THE FACE, THEN SCREAMS LIKE A LITTLE GIRL

I read the obituaries every day. I've done it for as long as I can remember. For my entire life, I have been afraid of death. I just can't comprehend what it is like to not exist. My father, who was very wise, told me simply that I had been there already, before I was born. Somehow that didn't help.

My fear of death has made me a raging hypochondriac. Agewise, I'm in the "Death Trough," the time of life where the end is in sight, but you don't know what form it's going to take. People I know are appearing in the obituaries. Three people I liked or admired died in the past couple of years—and I feel the need to write their obits.

Robert Schimmel, the son of Jewish Holocaust survivors, was a top comedian. The first time we met was on my radio show in New York City in the early '70s, when he was reading poetry as part of a young-poets circle that included the late Jim Carroll, author of *The Basketball Diaries*. I didn't really remember Robert when he resurfaced on my San Francisco show in the mid-'80s as a comic. Regardless, we became good friends.

This very funny clown had a young son, Derek, suffering from cancer. Robert's devotion to the boy was awe-inspiring. Having run out of health insurance, Robert worked comedy clubs from coast to coast to pay for the best medical care money could buy. It was a grueling schedule that could only be handled by a truly heroic person. When Derek died at age 11, I felt a kind of relief for Robert. Finally, he could get on with his life—but peace was not to be had.

In 1998 Robert had a heart attack, and in 2000 he was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, which went into remission but kept him looking weak. Then in 2010, he announced he needed a liver transplant due to cirrhosis stemming from hepatitis C. As he waited for the operation, the ultimate irony caught up with him: Robert Schimmel was killed as a passenger in a car crash. What a strange and cruel world. He was a mensch—a man of honor and virtue.

Twenty-five years ago, it was almost impossible to find a female radio talk show host. Then Lynn Samuels broke into the boys' club. She was one of a kind, with a strong New York accent that could break glass. Lynn's politics were hard left, and she pissed the hell out of some listeners while others adored her. For me, she is what radio should be: impossible to turn off. You may never have heard of Lynn Samuels, and that's a great shame. The New Yorker pretty much remained a local star because of her gender and accent. Had she been syndicated, who knows how far her fame would have spread.

The odd thing about my honoring Lynn is that as a colleague (at SiriusXM), she detested me. It's rumored she did so because of an imagined slight four decades ago to a coworker of hers that wasn't even vaguely true. That was Lynn. Not only could she hold a grudge for 40 years, but it wasn't even her own. In spite of her animosity, I sincerely praise her as a radio great.

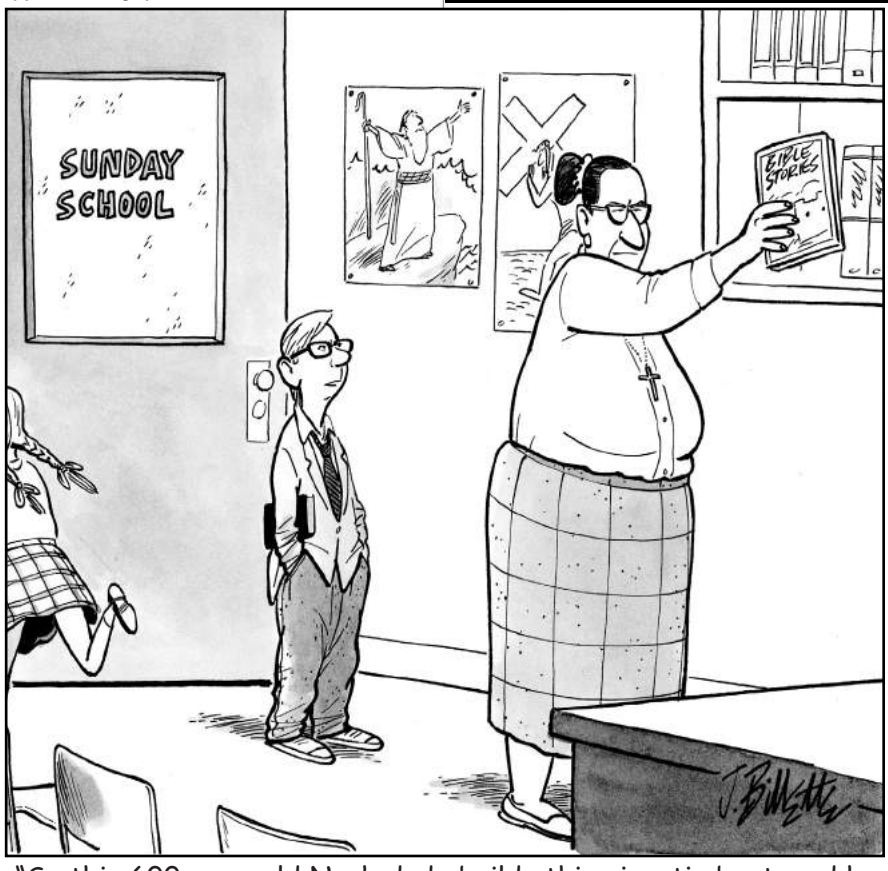
There are only three people I consider best friends, and last year I lost one of them. Steve Gruberg loved show business. He belonged to the Friars Club and enjoyed the company of performers. Yet he really wasn't a performer in the normal sense. For 35 years, Steve did a New York cable-access show called *The Grube Tube*. It became the longest-running cable-access show and one of the longest-running programs in all of television. *The Grube Tube* lacked anything approximating production value, but it was compelling television nonetheless. Steve rambled for an hour and took calls. That's all. But for some odd reason, he held you. Never finding a sponsor, Steve paid the weekly tab himself.

Where did my friend get the money to pay for his show? By creating a hallmark of New York cable TV: those late-night shows that were more commercials for escorts and phone services than they were programming. Steve Gruberg was so successful that he was beset by a host of imitators. I loved the guy. He was a gold-plated character, and a day doesn't go by that I don't miss him.

My mother used to tell me that when you are young, your main social functions are birthdays. When you get old, they are funerals. She lived to be 100, and when she died, she had no friends left. They had all gone before her.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).

DEATH POOL: Guess when radio host Alex Bennett will die. The person with the closest date and earliest postmark will win a free 12-issue subscription to HUSTLER. Send entries to **Alex Bennett Death Pool, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**. Good luck!



"So this 600-year-old Noah dude builds this gigantic boat, and he puts a pair of every living creature on it. Then the whole planet gets flooded—but evolution is a ridiculous concept?"

"I'm going to bed, hon. Anything I can get you? A side of beef…coupla buckets of chicken…trough of slop?"

Toe to Toe

In the *College Report* "Risky Road to Libya" [April '12], author Po Chang states that Chris Jeon wrestled with a resistance leader and gained an advantage with a headlock. The headlock could be a true statement, but the claim that the writer was a member of the UCLA wrestling team is false.

UCLA dropped wrestling as an NCAA sport, I believe, sometime in the 1990s. Only a few of the northern-domiciled Pac-12 conference members still participate in organized NCAA wrestling at any level. UCLA's athletic Web site does not name wrestling as a sport in which the university participates.

With HUSTLER being located in the Los Angeles area, your staff should not have missed this error. Other articles and opinions in HUSTLER will gain more credibility if simple fact-checking eliminates some obvious false claims and reporting.

—Edward C. Mullin
Prairie Home, Missouri

Actually, UCLA does have a wrestling team—at the club level. Writer Po Chang never specified it was NCAA-level.

Sign Me Up!

I need one of those ATMs ["Bank of Larry Flynt" cartoon, April '12] in my restaurant! I love your magazine, but I think I would rather deal with the Bank of Larry Flynt more than anything! Can Larry hook America up? We need a lot of fixing! Kudos to your humor and design staff! They keep me laughing over and over again.

I'm a relatively new subscriber, and I'm a big fan of Larry and the HUSTLER team. Thanks for being a bright spot in this fucked-up world.

—JJP
Orford, New Hampshire

Occupy Chaos

I've watched the media cover the Occupy movement in many difference places. They ask 50 people what they are doing and get 50 different answers—a true case of monkey see, monkey do. One monkey will scratch his ass, and the other monkey will smell his fingers.

Some of the clowns will eat shit with a soup spoon to get on camera. Others just live to raise hell. Because they don't have their shit together, the banks will continue to fuck them until they are cross-eyed. Many journalists who've covered this circus want to become the story instead of reporting it. Bottom line: The cops have guns and clubs, so don't piss them off or you will be jailed!

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Portland Pussy

I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with March '12 Real College Girl Elle and September '11 Facebook Girl Adora, both of whom I know from working within Portland, Oregon's strip club scene. This may come as a surprise, but Portland has more strip clubs per capita than anywhere in the U.S.

From performers to photographers, artists, costume designers and writers, Portland's DIY aesthetic in regard to its adult-entertainment industry is attracting a lot of bright young minds who are smart enough to see the potential the city can provide.

What's going on in Portland is proof positive of the principles of free speech that the adult industry adheres to: The more that's tolerated, the more freedom people have and the more possibilities that exist from it.

I'm very glad that HUSTLER is taking notice of what's going on here. Mark my words, something important will come out of this scene.

—Andy Arbow
Portland, Oregon

HUSTLER fans couldn't wait to prick intoxicating March '12 covergirl Selena's rose.

Thanks for your informative letter, Andy. We're booking the next flight to Portland. Feel free to send beautiful women our way.

Tits and Sass

Your March '12 issue is amazing! I especially loved Real College Girl Elle. I love a woman with tattoos! HUSTLER should definitely include more girls like her. Only thing is I tried to go to her Web site mentioned in the text, and it wasn't the right one. Turns out Elle actually writes for TitsAndSass.com.

—George S.
Dallas, Texas

Nip It in the Bud

I got the March '12 issue recently, and I must say, Selena Rose [*Beauty Without Thorns*] is definitely HOT! When I saw how pouty her lips were, it made me want a long, noisy, slow BJ from her! Selena definitely has a mouth I'd love to shoot a load of my cock spunk into! Keep up the awesome work that you do!

—Paul Nathan Jr.
Cheektowaga, New York

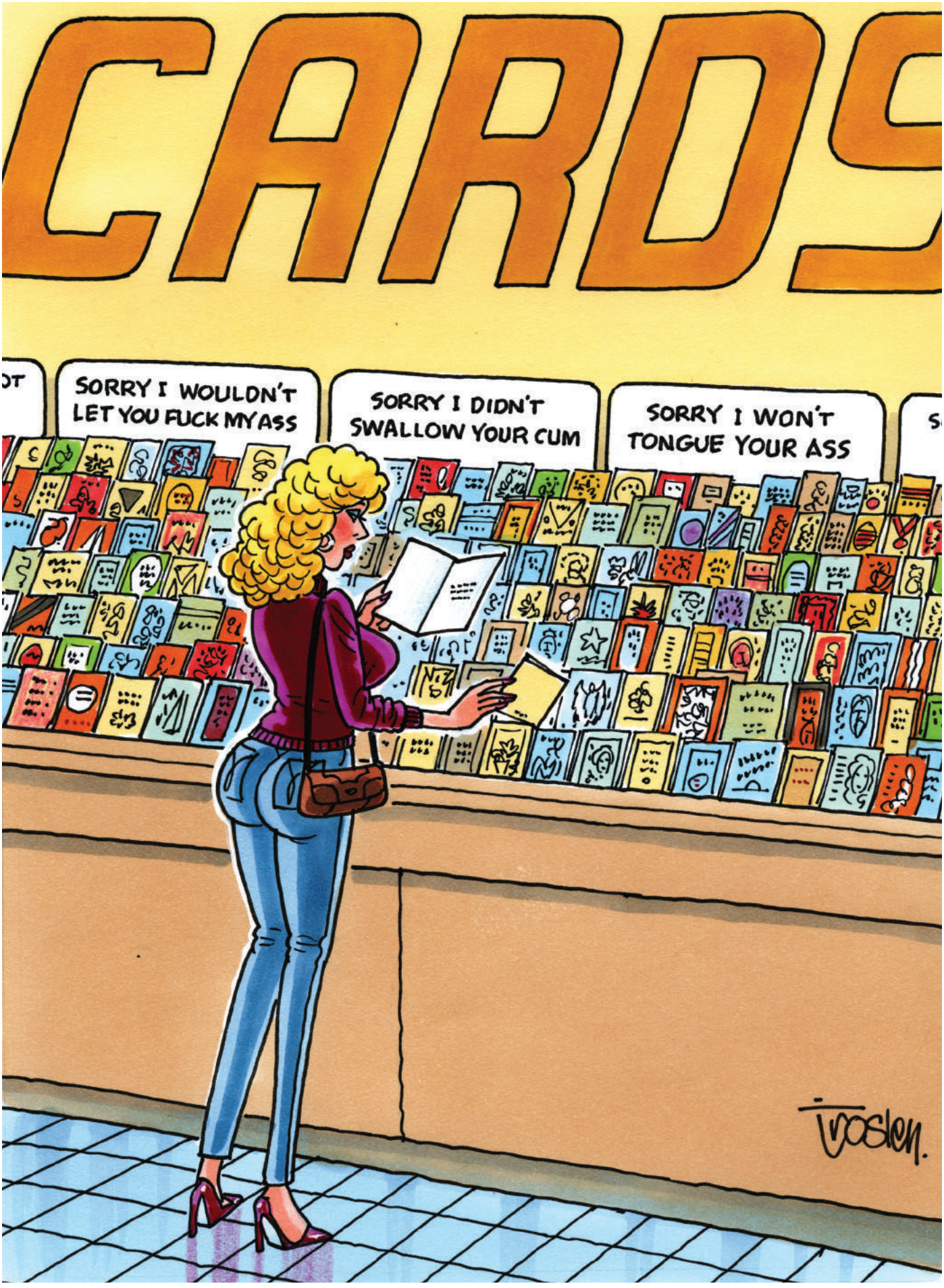
Ba Humbug!

Thank you, Larry, for being the best at what you do. By that, I mean the number one and most honest of adult magazines and DVDs. I have many of your DVDs, but my favorites are the *Barely Legal* and *Asian Fever* series. My favorite DVD of all time is *Asian Fever #11*. The porn star I love in it is Ba. Has she made more DVDs for you or been featured in any of your magazines?

—Gary Smith
Belvidere, Illinois

Asian Fever #11 is Ba's sole Larry Flynt Productions appearance.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


CARDS
SORRY I WOULDN'T LET YOU FUCK MY ASS
SORRY I DIDN'T SWALLOW YOUR CUM
SORRY I WON'T TONGUE YOUR ASS
TOM WOSKEN.

HUSTLER

REAL HOT LIVE GIRLS!
READY FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT
ON THE BEST ONLINE CHAT

THEY'RE WAITING INSIDE NOW!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

Come inside and see what you can get them to do!

ENTER

APPLE iPhone 4S

The latest iPhone 4GS is so fast that you can jump off a building and download an app before you hit the ground. That blazing speed really comes in handy if you happen to be employed at one of Apple's Chinese manufacturing plants, where the conditions are so dismal that workers have been committing suicide at an alarming rate.

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary about Apple Inc.'s business relationship with Foxconn Technology Group. Foxconn manufactures many Apple products—including the iPhone—in Chinese factories that have come under fire for deplorable working conditions. Seventeen worker suicides have occurred at Foxconn plants since 2010. Things got so bad that the company installed suicide nets and began asking employees to sign a contract promising not to kill themselves. In spite of this controversy, Apple continues to work with Foxconn, which is aggressively expanding its labor force in China. For more information, see the *Huffington Post* article "Foxconn by the Numbers" (**HuffingtonPost.com/propublica/foxconn-by-the-numbers_b_1237243.html**). This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

ANN COULTER

When the name Ann Coulter is mentioned, a flood of words comes to mind: *mean*, *angry*, *extremist*, *conservative*, *inflammatory*, *hideous*, *arrogant*, *male*. Regarding that last adjective, we are speaking specifically of a male who is angry because he looks like a woman—sort of. You could throw the adjective *ugly* into the mix, but that's probably redundant. Seriously, how many men have you seen in a dress who are good-looking?

What we've just said about the author and pundit would be out of bounds were it not for the fact that *everything* Ann Coulter says is out of bounds. Here are some examples:

"If I'm going to say anything about John Edwards in the future, I'll just wish he had been killed in a terrorist assassination plot."

"We should invade their [Islamic] countries, kill their leaders and convert them to Christianity."

"I think [women] should be armed but should not vote. … Women have no capacity to understand how money is earned. They have a lot of ideas on how to spend it…it's always more money on education, more money on child care, more money on day care."

In the last quote, Coulter actually seems to acknowledge she's not a woman. We presume the neocon believes she should have the right to vote. And her words make it crystal clear that Coulter knows she does not think the way women do.

It has long been postulated—by HUSTLER and others—that Ann Coulter is a hermaphrodite or is intersexed with scrambled genes. One disorder linked to intersexing is Androgen Insensitivity Syndrome, which can cause males to be born with underdeveloped genitals or even female sex organs, including a vagina. Screwed-up chromosomes could explain 6-foot-tall Ann's boyish figure and Adam's apple.

It's worth noting that investigative reporter Brad Friedman, writing for this magazine in April 2008, stated that on June 15, 2005, when Coulter filled out an application to become a Florida voter, she left blank the section specifying sex. Supplying false information on such a document is a third-degree felony that could result in a $5,000 fine and/or five years in prison.

But enough about Coulter's mutant sexuality. The reason she appears here has more to do with her stated political beliefs. Let's take a look at them.

Taxes: Coulter is against raising taxes on millionaires but is in favor of raising taxes on the poor. Specifically, she wants the 47% of American citizens who don't pay taxes to start ponying up. Those are the people at or below the poverty line; they can't afford to pay taxes.

Social Security: Coulter wants to end the FDR legacy—immediately. She's said "there are the 39 million greedy geezers collecting Social Security. The Greatest Generation rewarded itself with a pretty big meal." According to Ann, Social Security is a "Ponzi scheme" that she wants to "destroy…root and branch."

Of course, it's not a Ponzi scheme. Social Security is a retirement program paid for by working people and their employers. What's despicable is that the Republicans, including Coulter, would love to steal that massive trove of money to help pay down the national debt. It won't bother Ann to see our streets clogged with senior citizens living under bridges and begging for food.

Afghanistan: Coulter wants the United States out of there the day after tomorrow if not sooner. Sounds good, right? But that's only her position because President Barack Obama is for a slower withdrawal of troops. As recently as 2010, Coulter was saying "bombs are the answer." Going back farther still, she said the war in Afghanistan was going "swimmingly," and before that she justified the war because it was "against fundamentalism"—Islamic fundamentalism, not Christian.

Health insurance: Coulter wants insurers to be able to sell policies across state lines. Her thinking is that the resulting competition would drive down insurance rates. However, according to the Congressional Budget Office, while young people who are healthy would, in fact, pay less for their health insurance, older people—those most likely to get sick—would pay more. But the real problem is that health insurance providers would all flock to the state with the most favorable regulations. To put it another way, these companies would relocate to the state where they could most easily screw the people they insure.

We saw this with the credit card industry. Citibank literally wrote the regulations for the state of South Dakota as a requisite for basing its credit card operations there. No surprise: Other credit card issuers quickly set up shop in South Dakota as well. That's why your credit card company is able to screw you with astronomical interest rates and hidden fees.

Regardless of her sex, Ann Coulter is a pig. She has absolutely no empathy and no concern for average working people. We annoy her. That's largely because she was born into a life of privilege. Her father was an attorney for Phelps Dodge Corporation, a mining company believed to be responsible for as many as 13 toxic waste sites in violation of federal environmental regulations. (Ann's dad was a pig as well.)

It's not a big leap to say his daughter was raised to view all but the top 1% as worthless peasants. Looking at Ann through that lens, all of her positions and pronouncements finally come into focus.

Message to Ann Coulter: Blow yourself. Seriously. Put that thing between your legs into your mouth and suck on it until you come. It's up to you if you want to swallow.

FARTS IN THE WIND

SOUTH DAKOTA has been the financial industry's best friend since 1981. That's when the home of Mount Rushmore and the Sturgis motorcycle rally—not much else to brag about—became the Loan Shark State by revoking its usury law. To make matters worse, out-of-state banks were allowed to establish subsidiaries in South Dakota, where lenders—led by behemoth Citibank—could charge sky-high interest rates with impunity. As big fans of giving credit where credit is due, we'll single out ex-Governor Bill Janklow and the South Dakota lawmakers who facilitated a sweetheart deal with banksters, making their state a real stinker amid America's economic downturn.

HANNAH AND HER SLITSTERS

Hannah Stone's body of work—which is often rejected by highbrow art magazines for being too "graphic"—has a welcome home in the pages of HUSTLER. A self-supporting artist for the past decade, Stone had no formal training except for a handful of painting classes. She spent several years traveling through Asia, an adventure that inspired her bold use of color. To create her vibrant images, Stone uses multiple layers of acrylic paint before adding colored metal shavings and studs to enliven certain areas of the canvas.

Stone's goal is to give viewers a new angle on familiar sexual acts. "There is so much substance to the moment of passion and beauty when one body part meets another," she says. "My pieces are larger-than-life, cupcake-frosting-pink pussies saying, 'Look at me in all of my passionate, glittery glory!'"

For an opportunity to taste more of the artist's delicious work, visit **GoHannahStone.Tumblr.com.**

"Whoever called it necking was a poor judge of anatomy." —GROUCHO MARX, COMEDIAN

Jasmine Tame

Veronica Vhynes

Anastasia Pierce

Alison Tyler

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

BROWSING FOR BONERS

The Adultcon phenomenon returned to our neck of the woods recently, once again packing the Los Angeles Convention Center with fans eager to mingle with porn performers. This is the 22nd installment of the semiannual expo, which launched in 2001. Adultcon isn't just for autograph hounds, though, as it has a female-friendly vibe and attracts many couples looking to introduce a new product or concept into their own sex lives. Coincidentally, that's the same reason we took our wives to the Farm Equipment Expo last week.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Zooey Deschanel LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Zooey Deschanel, star of the show *New Girl*, has for some reason been crowned the Queen of Cool. While we agree that she's easy on the eyes, her work has always left us nothing but ice cold. Maybe it's the fact that she has the acting range of a dead parakeet.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Zooey Deschanel actually exists. Or, if it does, it's only circulating among "cool" people. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PORN FROM THE PAST

This appealing lass probably got herself all worked up by watching an episode of *The Perry Como Show*. Thanks to B.E. of Roseville, Michigan, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to **HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"Wait a minute! I don't have a prostate!"

"What can be asserted without proof can be dismissed without proof." —CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, AUTHOR/ANTITHEIST

"A lot of history is just dirty politics cleaned up for the consumption of children and other innocents." —RICHARD REEVES, COLUMNIST AND AUTHOR

NEWSBITES

BROTHERLY LOVE

Two South Carolina brothers found themselves in a tough situation when they were pulled over by the cops. While the police searched their vehicle, the siblings were placed in the back of a squad car. As it turns out, the elder brother had some cocaine stashed away—in his asshole. Worried about getting busted, the butt smuggler persuaded his younger brother to eat the contraband. About an hour after ingesting it, the dude was dead. If the modern version of fraternal love involves the willingness to gulp down coke pulled out of your sibling's ass, count us out. It was bad enough when our older brother made us watch *Facts of Life* reruns.

POISON PUSSY

While visiting Guangdong Province on business, Chinese billionaire Long Liyuan accompanied a local official to a fancy restaurant known for serving a local delicacy: cat stew. Unfortunately for Liyuan, there was an extra ingredient in his bowl—a toxic herb called Gelsemium elegans. The fat cat died shortly after the meal, and it wasn't long before the local official was charged with murder. Poor Long Liyuan is just like Herman Cain—another great man ruined by his love of pussy.

THE TORSO DID IT

In a bizarre ruling, an Illinois appeals court determined that an accident victim will be allowed to sue a dead man. The stiff in question, one Hiroyuki Joho, was running to catch a train when a second train going more than 70 m.p.h. smashed into him. Joho was killed, and his body parts went flying. A large chunk of Joho's torso knocked a nearby woman to the ground, breaking her wrist and leg. This should make for a fascinating trial. We can't wait for the torso to get cross-examined. (Thinking ahead to the movie version, James Van Der Beek would be brilliant as the hunk of dead flesh.)

ORGASMIC OCTOGENARIANS

A recent study published in the *American Journal of Medicine* has revealed that older women are likelier to feel sexually fulfilled than their younger counterparts. In fact, women over the age of 80 reported some of the highest levels of satisfaction following sexual intercourse. Octogenarians apparently don't desire sex very frequently, but when they do get freaky, the biddies have little trouble having an orgasm. We're all for senior citizens living it up, but we really wish Grandma would stop inviting us to her bukkake parties.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

For those who yearn to curl up at night with dozens of seminude miniature women, there are two viable options: Either take LSD and hope for the best or pick up the new line of subtly sexy bedsheets from Vice Merchants.

The company's Pearl Divers sheet design has hot naiads and lusty mermaids striking poses beneath the sea. From a distance, the Poppy Playground variation resembles a pleasing floral pattern. Only a closer inspection reveals the frolicking nymphs hiding in the design.

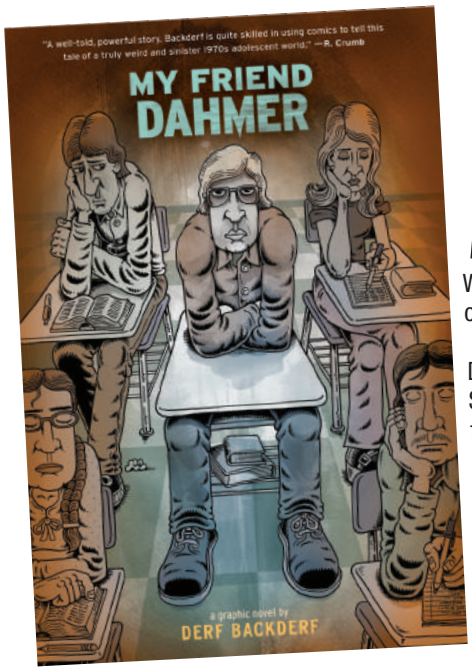
This artful bedding makes for a nice gift, although we'd recommend not giving a set to your 13-year-old nephew. At that age, a fleeting thought of Peppermint Patty is enough to trigger a wet dream.

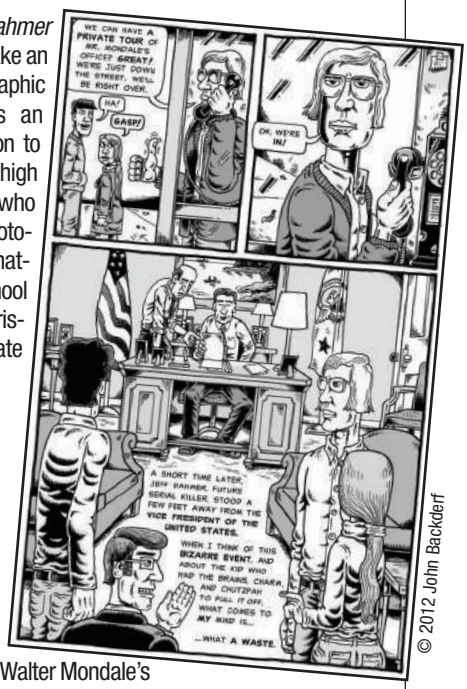
For more info and to order the sheets, visit **ViceMerchants.com**.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

Derf Backderf's *My Friend Dahmer* proves that serial killers make an excellent subject for graphic novels. The author has an unusually close connection to Jeffrey Dahmer: He was a high school chum of the man who became one of America's most notorious murderers. Backderf's book is filled with fascinating Dahmer anecdotes, including the details of a school trip to the White House during which the darkly charismatic killer-to-be somehow talked his way into a private tour of Vice President Walter Mondale's office. Didn't see that coming, did you?


"A well-told, powerful story. Backderf is quite skilled in using comics to tell this tale of a truly weird and sinister 1970s adolescent world." —R. Crumb
MY FRIEND DAHMER
a graphic novel by
DERF BACKDERF

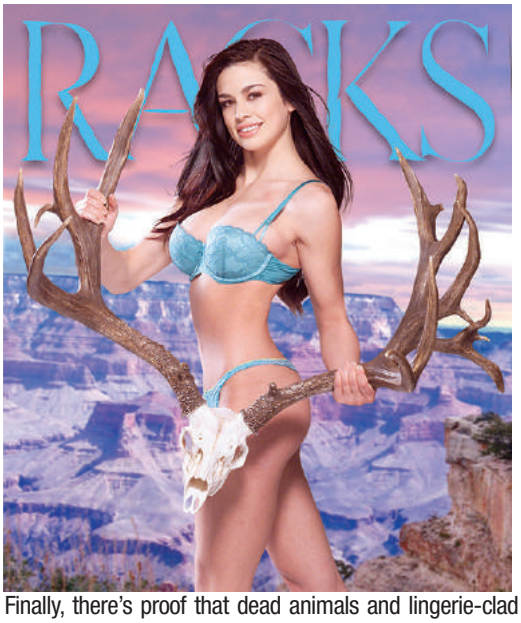

WE CAN HAVE A PRIVATE TOUR OF MR. MONDALE'S OFFICE! GREAT! WE'RE JUST DOWN THE STREET. WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER.
HA! GASP!
OK. WE'RE IN!
A SHORT TIME LATER, JEFF DAHMER, FUTURE SERIAL KILLER, STOOD A FEW FEET AWAY FROM THE VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
WHEN I THINK OF THIS BIZARRE EVENT, AND ABOUT THE KID WHO HAD THE BRAINS, CHARM, AND CHUTZPAH TO PULL IT OFF, WHAT COMES TO MY MIND IS...
...WHAT A WASTE.

© 2012 John Backderf

This haunting work offers insight into Dahmer's isolated, troubled teen years. Still, it's hard to predict how people will turn out based on their behavior in high school. For instance, we've heard that the young Rick Santorum bore no resemblance to a walking, talking turd.

Derf Backderf's *My Friend Dahmer* (Abrams ComicArts, 224 pages, $24.95) is available from **Abrams ComicArts.com** and wherever books are sold.

HORNY CHICKS



Finally, there's proof that dead animals and lingerie-clad women don't just go together in Ted Nugent's masturbation fantasies. The 2012 edition of the Racks Calendar features outdoorsman Sal Corbo's photos of busty, seminude ladies posing with deer antlers. (For those unfamiliar with hunting lingo, the term "racks" in this case refers to the antlers that the gals are holding.) To order the 2012 Racks Calendar, visit **SalsRacksCalendar.com**.

Emily Parker

HUSTLER
HUSTLER'S UNTRUE HOLLYWOOD STORIES
JESSE JAMES
SANDY GETS EVEN
THIS IS A PARODY AND NOT THE REAL JESSE JAMES SANDRA BULLOCK OR MICHELLE MCGEE

Truth and fiction collided recently when it was revealed that Michelle "Bombshell" McGee shot a sex tape with the heavily tattooed chick who portrayed her in a HUSTLER Video spoof. TMZ reported that Emily Parker, who channeled "Bombshell" in the *HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Jesse James* flick, hooked up with the real deal for some on-camera sexy time. Hopefully this will launch a trend. We're titillated by the prospect of a sex tape showing Sarah Palin's frigid Alaskan snatch being eaten out by her doppelgänger, Lisa Ann.

EXPLOSIVE MEETING

RAISING KANE

For those who haven't picked up a copy of HUSTLER'S TABOO Magazine in a while, allow us to remind you of what you're missing. Here's just a sample of that publication's wonderfully twisted contents: the shocking artwork of Mr. Kane, who's renowned for fearlessly exploring the worlds of sexual slavery and sadomasochism.

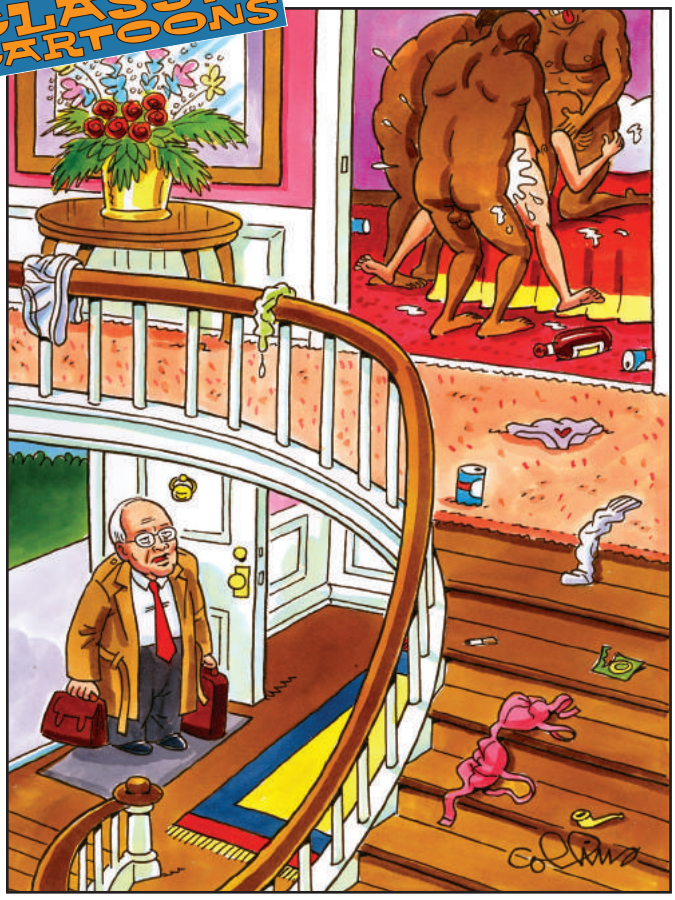
PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #31

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

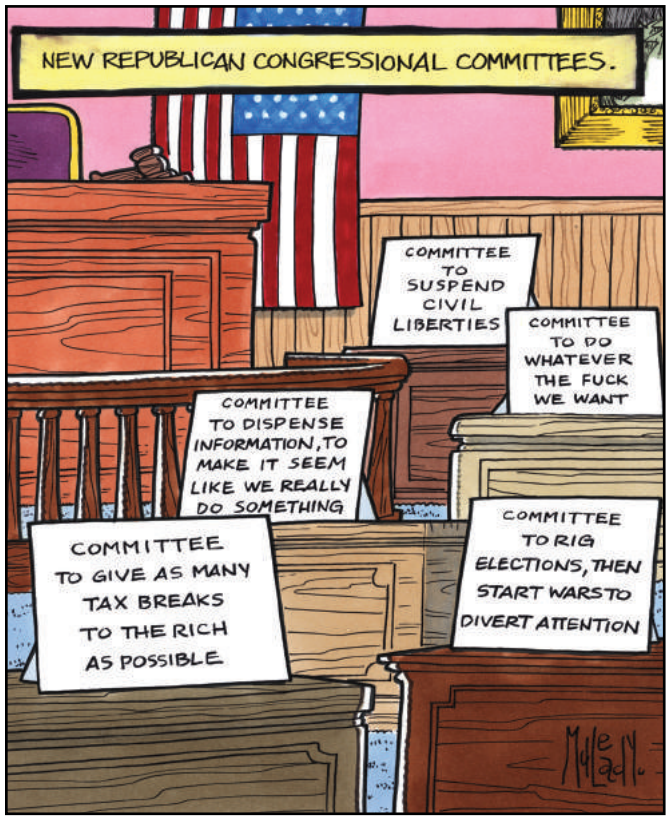
Although the final cost to taxpayers for the $700-billion TARP bailout won't be known for years, Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner is already cooking the books to make this giveaway to the banks look like a shrewd move. A recent report generated by the Government Accountability Office—the auditing and investigative arm of Congress—revealed that Geithner's Treasury Department has engaged in deception while documenting the progress of TARP loans. It seems that documents released by the Treasury Department have only included projections for TARP programs that are expected to turn a profit. Conveniently, there's no forecast for shitty TARP investments like the government's loan to AIG, which will almost certainly end up being a losing bet. By focusing exclusively on TARP's potential profits and obscuring the mounting losses, Geithner continues his role as this country's minister of financial misinformation. Rather than giving the American people the straight truth, he keeps smearing lipstick on the pig. For this and many more reasons, we will continue to plaster Timmy with shit until he either quits or gets canned.

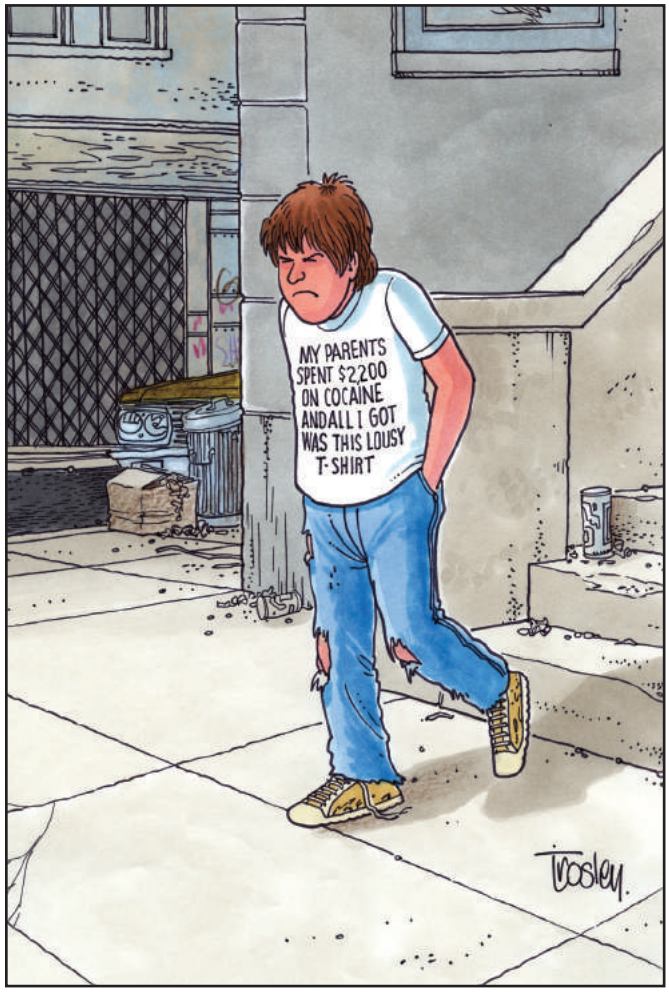
"Don't sweat the petty things, and don't pet the sweaty things." —GEORGE CARLIN, COMEDIAN

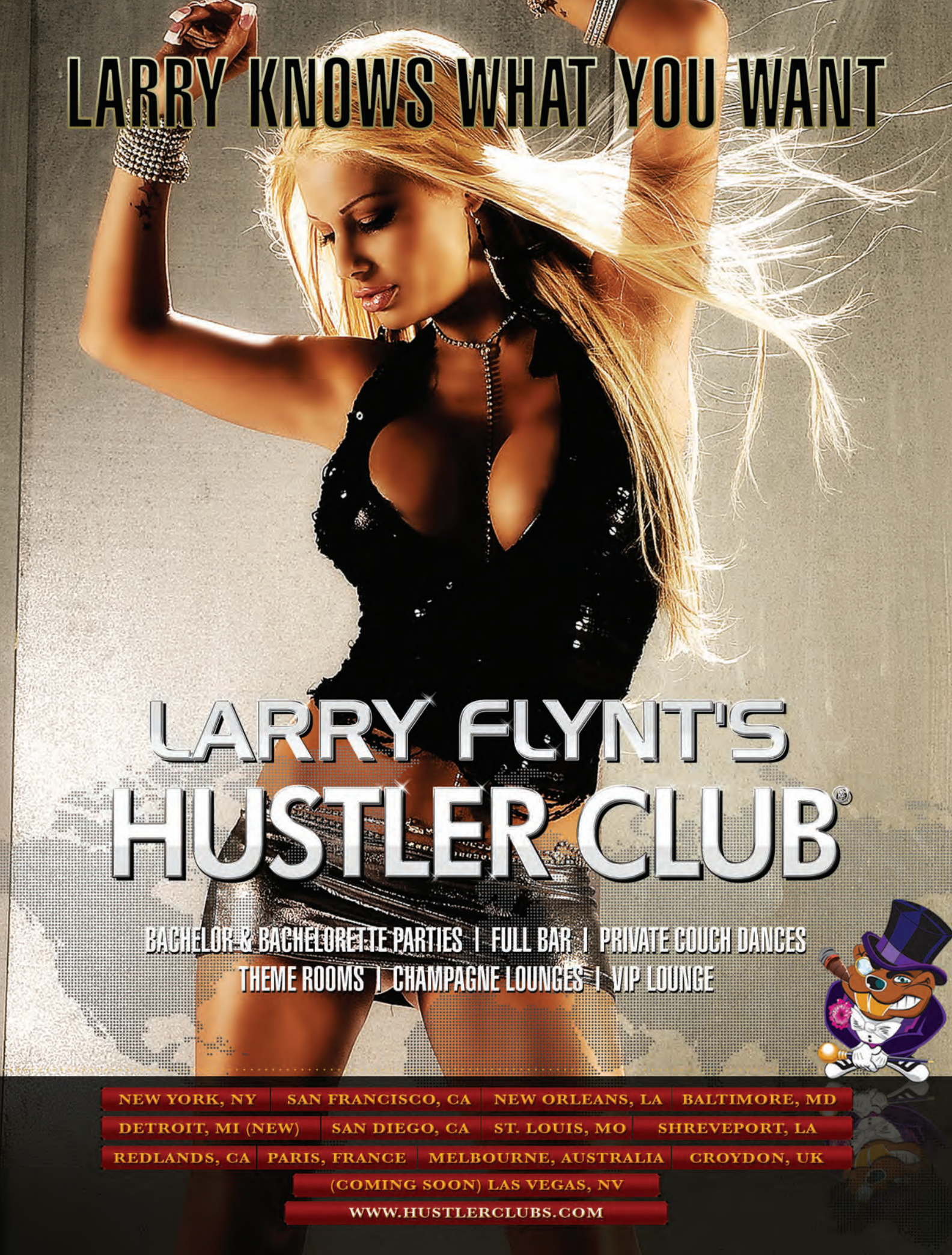
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Lynne honey, I'm home from my undisclosed location."


NEW REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES.
COMMITTEE TO SUSPEND CIVIL LIBERTIES
COMMITTEE TO DO WHATEVER THE FUCK WE WANT
COMMITTEE TO DISPENSE INFORMATION, TO MAKE IT SEEM LIKE WE REALLY DO SOMETHING
COMMITTEE TO GIVE AS MANY TAX BREAKS TO THE RICH AS POSSIBLE
COMMITTEE TO RIG ELECTIONS, THEN START WARS TO DIVERT ATTENTION




LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE
NEW YORK, NY
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
NEW ORLEANS, LA
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)
SAN DIEGO, CA
ST. LOUIS, MO
SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA
PARIS, FRANCE
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
CROYDON, UK
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I'LL TRY ANYTHING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

ANNALISA GRECO

Annalisa Greco has a hunger for experience. "Life is very short," the diminutive hottie opines. "I want to see and do everything I possibly can. Whenever I get a chance to try something new—whether it's white-water rafting or something dorky like line dancing—I always say yes."

Despite professing to be an "adventurous" gal, Annalisa definitely has her limits. "You won't catch me jumping out of an airplane," she explains. "There's no way I'd do something like skydiving because heights freak me out."

But Annalisa would love to board an airplane bound for distant lands. "There's a whole list of countries I want to visit," the travel bug declares. "I'm probably most excited about going to Italy. The food is supposed to be amazing, and Venice seems like a magical place to me."

In her spare time, Annalisa enjoys venturing to the beach, watching movies (she's a big fan of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* series) and "attempting to cook." Clarifying that last endeavor, she admits, "I've got a lot of cookbooks, but they haven't helped much. My problem is that I have trouble staying focused on what I'm doing!"

ANNALISA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Dallas | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 110

With so much left to do, it's only natural that **Annalisa Greco**'s mind wanders. "I love life," she gushes. "I don't want to miss out on anything."

INSIDE THE KOCH BROTHERS' WAR ROOM

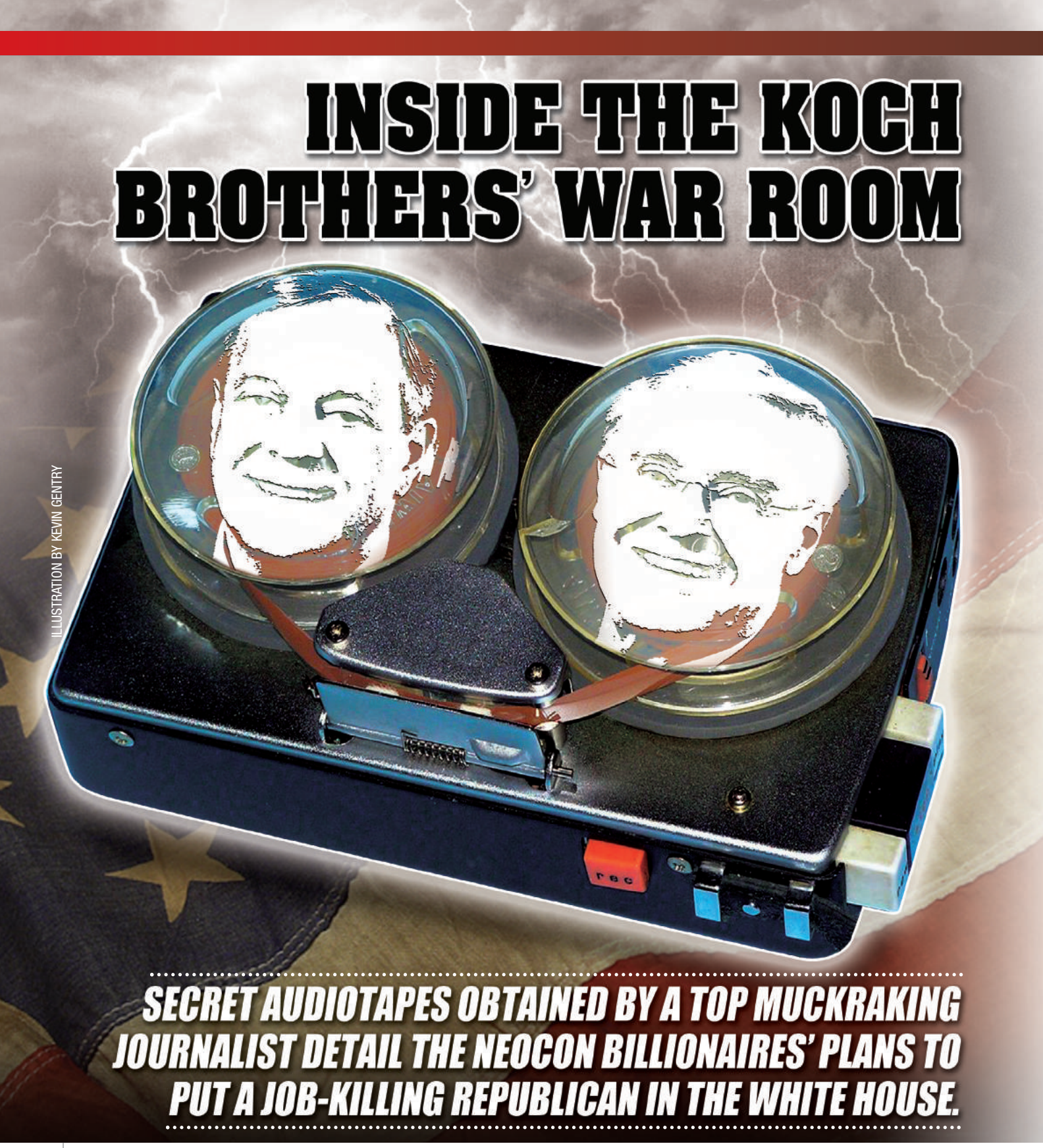

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

SECRET AUDIOTAPES OBTAINED BY A TOP MUCKRAKING JOURNALIST DETAIL THE NEOCON BILLIONAIRES' PLANS TO PUT A JOB-KILLING REPUBLICAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

A thank-you card seems like the appropriate response for having reaped a cool $18 billion under the administration of President Barack Obama, especially during the worst economy in nearly a century. But that's not the Koch brothers' style. Because Obama, no matter how Republican he acts, is actually a Democrat. And, dammit, being two of the richest people in the entire nation just isn't rich enough for either of the far-right Republican Koch boys.

Instead, the brothers—worth $25 billion each, tying them for fourth place on the latest Forbes list of the 400 wealthiest Americans—want more. And they're declaring "war" to get it—not just any war but the "Mother of All Wars," states Charles Koch, co-owner with brother David of Koch Industries, the massive oil and chemical conglomerate they inherited from their daddy.

You can hear his declaration yourself

thanks to covert audiotapes, which I obtained from a source, that recorded the brothers' secret political-strategy and fundraising powwow held last summer at a ritzy resort near Vail, Colorado.

The Kochs—corporate funders of the fake "grassroots" Tea Party and Republican front groups like Americans for Prosperity—have been convening these biannual, ultraexclusive, ultraconfidential soirees for years. You and I aren't invited. Neither are the working-class chumps and suckers they've hoaxed into calling themselves members of the Tea Party. Those patsies are just doing the dirty work for the very dirty Koch Industries—this country's second-largest private company, a major polluter and (surprise!) a leading climate change denier.

Over the years, the Kochs have been forced to pay some $400 million in fines, penalties, settlements and judgments; have stolen nearly 2 million barrels of oil from native Americans, according to former Koch Industries officials; and have allegedly bribed their way into at least half a dozen foreign countries. One is Iran, where the company's German subsidiary made millions in petrochemical sales despite a long-standing U.S. trade ban. The Kochs are not patriots. They are profiteers.

So who exactly was invited to the Kochs' conclave? Folks like Rush Limbaugh and Glenn Beck, all manner of elected officials with Rs after their names—like Governor Rick Perry (R-Texas), Governor Chris Christie (R-New Jersey), Governor John Kasich (R-Ohio), Representative Paul Ryan (R-Minnesota)—and even a pair of U.S. Supreme Court justices, namely Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas.

You can go to **BradBlog.com** for the transcripts and audio recorded inside the Kochs' 2011 Summer Seminar at the Ritz-Carlton Beaver Creek Resort in Bachelor Gulch, Colorado. As usual, the brothers went to extraordinary measures to keep the affair private, going so far as to mount huge speakers to blast static "pink noise" into the surrounding mountains to keep outsiders from listening to their plans.

One theme came up, time and again, by speaker after speaker: the need to collect enough money to fund "the Mother of All Wars we've got in the next 18 months," as Charles Koch explained in his opening remarks, "for the life or death of this country." He even seemed to compare the President of the United States to the former dictator of Iraq.

"We've got Saddam Hussein," Charles Koch proclaimed to the 300 or so corporate barons and political bigwigs in attendance. It was his warm-up for what would be the first of many pleas for still more "war" money over the three-day conference.

After I broke the story, Koch Industries—which refused to respond to my request for an explanation beforehand—claimed Charles wasn't comparing President Obama to Saddam Hussein. His remarks, according to a statement issued in haste by Koch spokesman Philip Ellender after the story came out, were just "taken out of context" by "far-left groups."

"Far-left groups" like myself, an independent citizen, journalist and blogger, I guess.

For the record, here's the context: After taking the mic before the first night's dinner, Charles Koch made a quick joke about Koch Industries leaving him, the CEO, to do the "dirty work that needs to be done." He then offered the following thoughts:

"But we've been talking about—we have Saddam Hussein," Charles said. "This is the Mother of All Wars we've got in the next 18 months for the life or death of this country. So I'm not going to do this to put any pressure on anyone here, mind you. This is not pressure. But if this makes your heart feel glad, and you want to be more forthcoming, then so be it."

Charles then announced he wanted to "recognize not all of our great partners but those partners who have given more than a billion—a mill-, no, billion." The crowd went wild with hoots and applause at his gaffe. He meant "a million," but when you're personally worth $25 billion, it's an easy mistake to make.

That was the context. What did he mean in his reference to Saddam Hussein? In his ass-covering statement, Ellender struggled to justify it: "To be clear, Mr. Koch was not referring to President Obama in his remarks. The 'Mother of All Wars' is a common phrase frequently attributed to Saddam Hussein on the eve of the first Gulf War. Amid record U.S. unemployment, continued economic decline and loss of liberty, the U.S. has been plunged into its own 'Mother of All Wars.'"

As for the "record U.S. unemployment" Ellender mentioned, let's not forget to thank the Koch brothers for that as well. Even as their personal fortunes exploded by 40% over the past three years of Obama's "tyrannical" and "antibusiness" rule, Koch Industries managed to lay off thousands of its own workers.

During his closing remarks, Charles would once again repeat the words of the Iraqi dictator. "We've had a lot of tough battles," he stated. "We've lost a lot over the years, and we've won some recently. Set the stage for, as I've said, the mother of all battles coming up a year from [last] November." Those remarks are also posted verbatim at **BradBlog.com**. Nothing is "taken out of context."

Regarding "some" victories, Charles is most likely referring to the U.S. Supreme Court's infamous 2010 *Citizens United* decision allowing for unlimited, secret spending on political campaigns by guys like Charles and David Koch, who have already spent some $100 million in support of their political causes. These include, among other things, buying Republican lawmakers ($11 million since 1989), creating an imaginary uprising after 2008 called the "Tea Party" (since "Sore Loser Party" doesn't sound as good) and funding right-wing think tanks (Cato Institute, Americans for Prosperity, FreedomWorks) to the tune of $200 million since 1998. They also spent $33

Even as their personal fortunes exploded by 40% over the past three years of Obama's "tyrannical" and "antibusiness" rule, Koch Industries managed to lay off thousands of its own workers.

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million just in 2008 and 2009 on studies and front groups to create the impression that thousands of climate scientists who all agree about global warming don't actually know anything about the phenomenon. (The University of Massachusetts dubbed Koch Industries the tenth-worst U.S. corporate air polluter.)

It wasn't only the Kochs who spoke of the "war…for the life or death of this country." The opening-night keynote speaker, Chris Christie (who kept the trip a complete secret from the press and his constituents alike), offered similar ideas. "Under this administration," the New Jersey governor explained during his stem-winder of a speech, the future of this country "is at greater risk than it has been in my lifetime."

"Their ideas are wrong, and our ideas are right," Christie declared.

"If we're going to win this fight, it's the people in this room that are gonna win it," he went on to tell the collected billionaires. "It's the people in this room who have enjoyed all the greatness that America gives us the opportunity to enjoy. They're going to be the 21st-century patriots who are going to preserve liberty and freedom and opportunity for the next generation. … We've got to stand up and fight for the country we've inherited."

Christie continued, "That's why I'm here tonight. I'm here because it will be you, the people in this room, that are the modern-day patriots who will save this country or let it go by the wayside. It's up to us. … We cannot let our children down. We cannot let our country down. We cannot let the world down."

After a Q&A session, the tough-talking Jersey governor finished with similar thoughts: "This is a huge moment of crisis and opportunity for our country. All of you are the people who are going to lead us back to American greatness—if you care enough to do it. I can tell you, if you do, you've got a friend in that fight."

To be clear, Christie and the other speakers were warning that those in that room—many of them among the 400 richest Americans, with more combined wealth than the poorest 140 million citizens of this nation—need to take back control of the country in order to save it. These folks are not big believers in democracy—unless they can buy it away from all us poor saps who thought "one man, one vote" actually still applied in the good old U.S. of A.

The closing night's featured speaker, Judge Andrew Napolitano of Fox News, rallied the assemblage with more of the same ideas but brought them up a notch. He explained how the Second Amendment had been adopted to ensure "the right to shoot at the government." Really? That might be news to the Secret Service.

"If anybody tells you the Second Amendment is here to protect hunters," the former federal judge instructed, "they are intentionally distorting history. It was written to let us attack tyrants!" A disturbing suggestion, given all of the rhetoric characterizing the Obama Administration as "tyrannical."

Napolitano went on to let the "poor" billionaires and millionaires on hand know that they'd really be up against it if the dastardly Barack Obama continued his ways. (Ya know, his ways of extending the Bush tax cuts for the rich, continuing to allow record expansion of oil drilling, not to mention watching as corporate profits reached all-time historic highs while folks like the Kochs laid off thousands of American workers at the very same time.)

"So what do we do?" Napolitano asked. "We do what you're doing here. We wage a lawful battle against the government. We amass the wealth that is necessary to take the government on." In other words, the wealth necessary to flood the airwaves with right-wing propaganda.

"What does the government fear the most?" Napolitano said near the end of his speech, ratcheting up the fear

(continued on page 124)

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Its time to make things Personal.

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

A day in the life of...

CARINA ROMAN

MEET A COMMUNIST-RAISED HOTTIE WHO'S FOUND SEXUAL SALVATION IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

I'm hanging in Southern California's San Fernando Valley with happily married housewife, porn star and avid spouse-swapper Carina Roman. The day begins simply enough: I watch her do a scene (i.e., bang her brains out) with Marco Banderas for the Spaniard's new Web site (CumLouder.com) while his wife, Lisa DeMarco, records the XXX action.

Once Carina is finished sucking and fucking, I ask her if she felt at all funny about having sex with Banderas in front of his wife. "Are you serious?" Carina gasps, as if she had just been playing tennis with the guy instead of deep-throating him down to his nut sac.

"I, uh, thought it might be a little awkward," I stammer, my voice suddenly sounding wimpy and unsophisticated.

"For some people, sex is like food," Carina offers patiently. "They need a lot of it to exist."

Done with work for the day, Carina is intent on heading home to her husband, Sebastian, to kick back and jointly plan their spouse-swapping weekend. Hopefully, according to Carina, any upcoming liaison will involve double penetration. Accommodating two penises at once is the anal enthusiast's very favorite sexual pastime.

Girls don't generally grow up dreaming of several erect cocks being shoved inside them simultaneously. Some strange shit has to go down first—which is precisely what happened to Carina.

The story starts in Romania, where she was born and raised when the Eastern European nation was still under the iron fist of Communist rule. For 25 bleak years, Romanians had Nicolae Ceausescu as their head of state.

Ceausescu was a brutal maniac with a pharaoh complex. While overseeing an anemic economy, he had the cojones to erect the largest building in the world as his personal palace (with more square footage than the Pentagon!) but then couldn't afford to finish the interior. Clearly, Ceausescu was incompetent. He tore apart the agricultural system, which was the backbone of Romania's economy. Tens of thousands of animals were released into wooded areas.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL PHOTO COURTESY WICKEDPICTURES.COM

(Packs of wild dogs roam the streets of Bucharest, the capital, to this day.)

Of far greater consequence, peasants *en masse* were forced to move into drab centralized housing projects while Ceausescu's bulldozers destroyed a multitude of residences deemed aesthetically unacceptable to the Communist state. Thanks to their abysmal leader, Romanians lived wretched lives. Family and religion were all that they had for comfort.

Ceausescu's regime came to a violent end. During the revolution of 1989, the miserable Commie prick and his cunt-of-a-wife Elena were dragged out of a fleeing taxi, put on trial and executed by firing squad.

Nevertheless, Romania remained a puritanical, impoverished hellhole, and Carina wanted out. Luckily, as a high school senior, she was accepted into a U.S. student exchange program. That was the good news. The bad news was that she would be going to the strangest state in the Union: Utah.

Utah is mostly a pretty nice place, filled with breathtaking scenery and lots of decent (although rather quirky) Mormons. It's also got a bunch of lunatic fringe polygamist groups with an estimated 100,000 members.

"Part of Utah was almost familiar," Carina remembers, "like the way a lot of Mormons kept their families close and stressed good values. But that's how I was brought up. I didn't need anything extra. I was already a little too serious for my age. I wanted to experiment, to be a bit more dangerous."

When Carina turned 18, she left her supervised host family (No great loss there; they were mean-spirited trailer trash) to enroll at Westminster University in Salt Lake City. She moved into a dorm, and life suddenly got a whole lot better. "I was on my own, I had total freedom, and I met lots of great people," Carina recalls.

CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

"That's when I truly fell in love with America."

Unfortunately, that's also when the coed fell in love with a fellow student whom she stupidly married after a few months of typical college sex. Smokin'-hot, naive Carina was prepared to live happily ever after, but her new Mormon husband had different plans. He wanted the couple to join a polygamist cult. "I thought he was joking," Carina confides. "But I was immature—and a little afraid. When he insisted, I looked into it."

Carina met the members of the "community," including the head whacko, a polygamist sleazebag who insisted on being called The Prophet. (He's still out there; check out ParowanProphet.com.) The guy's rap was pretty standard doomsday stuff with a sexual twist: The world's ending soon, so all the decent-looking chicks better start banging a bunch of Bible-thumping horndogs.

Carina didn't buy it, especially after hubby floated the idea of her sister as wife number two. The marriage broke up, and a disillusioned Carina vowed she was "going to party and make money." Drifting to Las Vegas, she did some catalog modeling and met plenty of guys. "I was still feeling lonely," she admits. "I knew I was sleeping with the wrong men, and I thought I might as well get paid for it."

Carina started working in XXX productions. She loved sex, the money was good and, compared to her straight jobs, "it beat getting yelled at." But the little girl who had dreamed of coming to America hadn't made the journey to become an adult-movie star; foreigners come to this country to live happily ever after.

That's when Sebastian reentered the picture. He and Carina had first met in Utah, where they had a tempestuous on-and-off fling after Carina's first marriage broke up. A few months into her career as a porn goddess, Carina phoned Sebastian, saying she wanted to be with him again.

Sebastian was a lapsed Mormon who already had two church-arranged marriages under his belt when he met Carina. Sick of "carrying around guilt," he wanted to find someone who would help him catch up on all the fun he felt he'd been missing. "We had an honest talk after we got back together," Sebastian confides to me at the lovebirds' home over a scrumptious lunch of Romanian rolled meat and cabbage. "I told her I liked to smoke, masturbate and party."

"Party" meant swap, and after all the turmoil that Carina had endured emotionally and sexually, she was ready for a new lifestyle. The couple decided to get married. After two years of fucking each other in private, and consorting with a whole lot of strangers to boot, the unconventional relationship appears to be working.

"How would you spend your day together if I wasn't here?" I ask after sharing some home cooking with her and Sebastian.

"That's easy," Carina replies, peeling out of her clothes and grinning wickedly. Stark naked and luscious, she strolls into the backyard, her husband following happily. Flopping down onto a lounge chair, Sebastian grins like the Cheshire Cat as Carina seductively strokes a golf club.

"You like me, baby?" the curvaceous beauty coos. "I wish I was stroking *you*. Are you ready to be teed up?"

"You bet!" I'm on the verge of blurting out, but her husband beats me to the punch: "As soon as our guest leaves, honey."

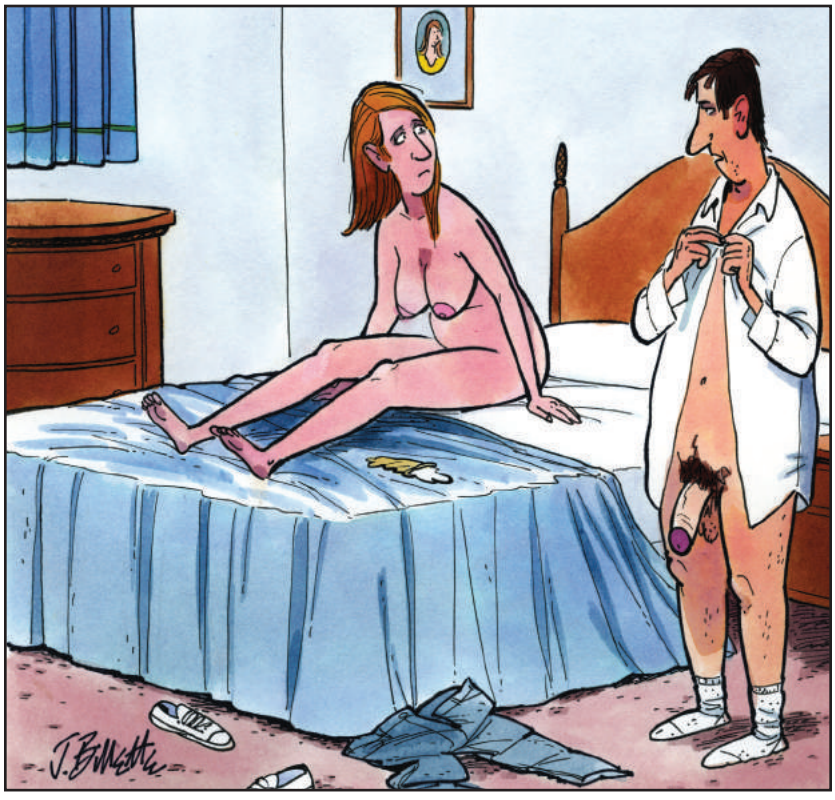
"Leaves?!" Shit! I'd been praying that the next words I'd hear would be an invitation to hop aboard Carina for some threeway fun. Obviously sensing my disappointment, Carina

PHOTO BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

PHOTO COURTESY ZEROTOLERANCE.COM

Carina, Carina: Relaying a log entry in *Stripper Diaries #2* and (inset) getting shafted by Marco Banderas for his Web site, CumLouder.com.

"President Obama said the rich have to start paying more, and I agree with him."



"I'd stay the night, Karen, but you like to do all that cuddling and chitchat bullshit!"

turns to me and says, "You know, when we have them, we'd be happy to invite you to our parties. I'm sure you'd find them interesting."

A future invitation. Small consolation for my wilting erection, but it makes sense. Swap means trade, and I was a solo act. There's no reason to invite me to join the action. Still, the idea that Carina's husband is willing to share such an amazing piece of ass—even when getting some decent pussy in return—is hard to fathom.

I ask Carina if there has ever been any tension in the couple's relationship as a result of their lifestyle choices. "Not at all," she says emphatically. "I think swinging can be part of experiencing life. Some people do it for the wrong reasons. They're not really into each other. That's not my husband and me. Swinging is something we only do together. It's a turn-on for us both."

Swinger Rules: Try and stay in the same room as the person you came in with—or, at least, always the same house. Look at each other, touch each other and acknowledge each other's presence during the course of the festivities. Go home with your partner. And never, ever call or text anybody you were with after the party is over.

Sebastian and Carina, who claim they've never had a bad experience as swingers, don't deviate from these rules. For them, as long as they're sharing their bodies within view of each other, it's just a personalized "live porn" experience. "My marriage is what comes first," Carina insists. "I respect my marriage. That's got to be working. It's the number one priority before swinging."

Her husband agrees. "We could be happy without swinging," Sebastian tells me. "It's part of our lives, but it's not something we do every day. It works so well for us because we're so close."

I guess. Maybe getting fucked by strangers in front of your spouse is no big deal—just a creative variation on a couple's special date night. "Dinner, a movie and an extra dick in your ass, dear?" Or maybe there's another explanation. Is it possible the reason Carina and Sebastian need the adrenaline rush of a sex party is that before they found each other their lives had been filled with things that were forbidden?

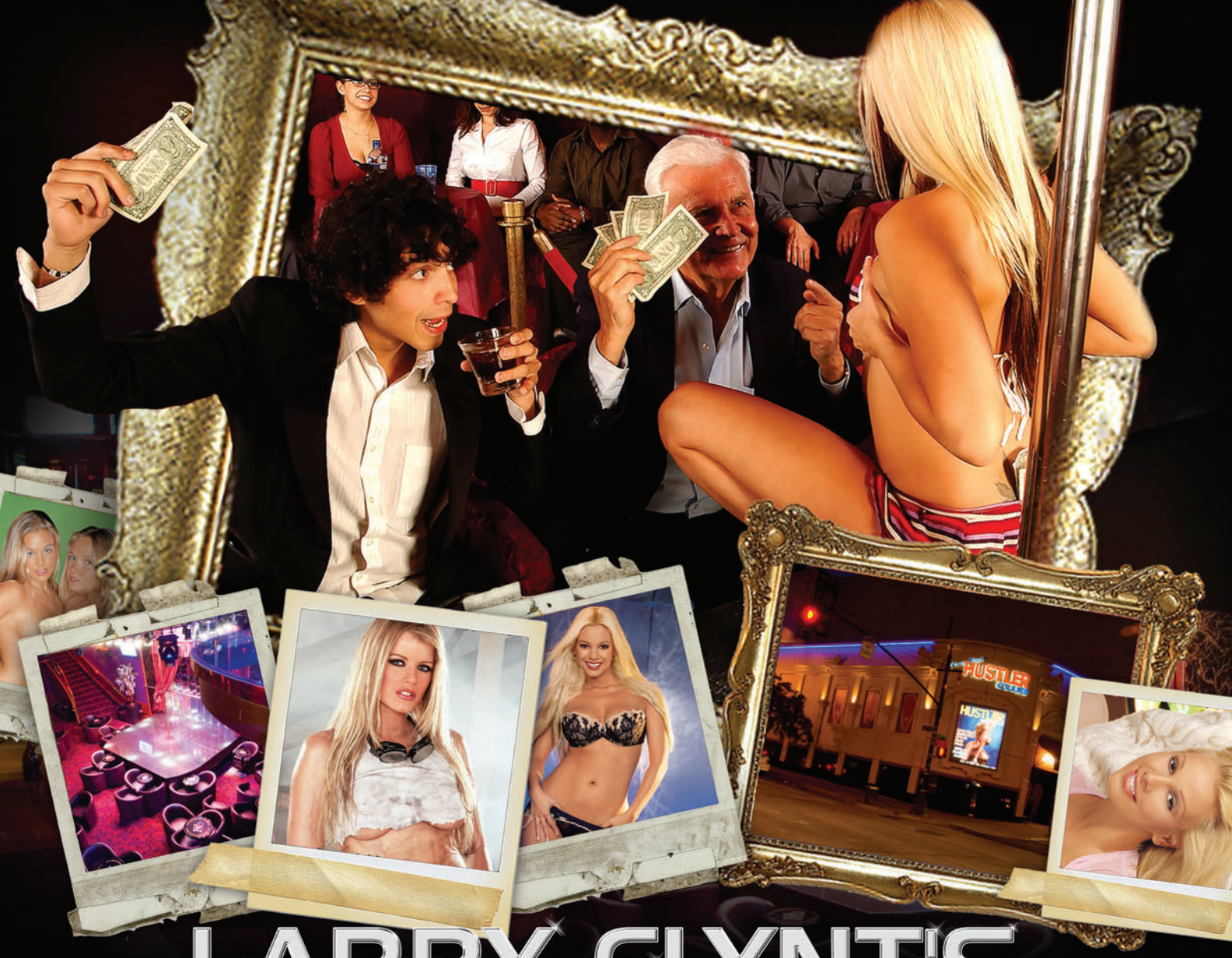
Carina's grim childhood behind the Iron Curtain, her broken heart at the hands of a crazy polygamist, her emotionally meaningless sexual encounters in front of the camera: Maybe that's what got her psyche all twisted, sending her down a dark path with a fallen Mormon who feels the need to überparty because of his own suffocating upbringing.

When I pose that question, Carina smiles broadly. "I'm having a great time," she says. "I'm very happy with my life, my husband, my friends and my job. I don't think I was driven to this place in my life. I evolved here, and I'm thankful."

"So am I," Sebastian concurs as he looks adoringly into his naked wife's eyes. "Most people wouldn't cheat if they're swinging. Swinging is what keeps us young."

Hmm. The next time my wife says we should check the show times at the local multiplex, I just might be tempted to say, "I have a better idea." Or maybe not.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



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INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

MICHAEL USLAN

BATMAN'S CRUSADER

THE AMAZING STORY OF ONE MAN'S JOURNEY FROM FUNNY PAGES "FAN BOY" TO EXECUTIVE PRODUCER OF THE BATMAN FILMS.

The message in Michael Uslan's book, *The Boy Who Loved Batman: A Memoir*, is: "If you burn with a passion and follow your dreams, they will indeed come true." As a young boy in New Jersey, Uslan loved comic books, amassing a collection exceeding 30,000. One superhero held his attention above all others: Batman.

Then came that fateful night in 1966. After watching the premiere of the campy *Batman* TV show, Uslan vowed to one day bring the true Caped Crusader to life on the big screen. He worked his way up the ranks at DC Comics and later at United Artists, where the die-hard Batman fan learned the ins and outs of the movie business. Uslan eventually obtained the film rights to the comic book icon, and his interpretation of Batman forever changed the way we view superhero flicks. Coinciding with the summer 2012 release of *The Dark Knight Rises*, we sat down with Uslan for this exclusive interview.

HUSTLER: What was the very first comic book you ever bought?

MICHAEL USLAN: Growing up in the '50s or '60s, most kids were first exposed to comic books in the barbershop: *Casper*, *Richie Rich*, *Little Dot* and *Baby Huey*. The first ones I bought were *Sugar & Spike #2*, which was like *Look Who's Talking* years before the film was made, and *Strange Adventures*, which scared the bajeebees out of me. I graduated to *Archie*, which formed every notion I ever had about high school and dating. From there it was *Superman*. Then I graduated to *Batman*.

What drew you to Batman?

He was the first superhero I ever read about who was human. He had no superpowers. His greatest superpower was his humanity. I believed if I worked out and studied hard and if my dad bought me a cool car, I could be this guy. Plus his origin story was so primal and emotional. At eight or ten years old, I was reading this story about a kid my age seeing his parents murdered in front of his eyes. That had an incredible impact on me on every level. If you wanted to find out which comic book heroes are the most popular and have the most longevity, you have to look at the supervillains. They ultimately define the superhero. And *Batman* unarguably has the best supervillains ever created. And certainly the best of all time: The Joker.

Did your parents actively support your collecting habit, even at a time when there was a movement to ban comic books?

They did, which was incredible. When I started collecting, there was the "Seduction of the Innocent" movement led by psychiatrist

Fredric Wertham. He started a clinic in Brooklyn. There he interviewed a hundred juvenile delinquents. They all said at one time or another they had read a comic book. Therefore, Dr. Wertham concluded that comic books caused juvenile delinquency. He went on to explain that they also caused homosexuality, lesbianism and, worst of all, asthma. That's because children were staying indoors to read them instead of playing in the fresh air.

Dr. Wertham hit the lecture circuit, speaking at garden clubs, PTAs and churches. His book caught on. As a result, most of my friends were not allowed to bring comics into the house and were forbidden to read them—although they still did. Bobby's dad burned his collection in front of us—shoveled them into the fireplace: *Spider-Man #1*, *Fantastic Four #1*, *Avengers #1*, *X-Men #1*. Bobby and I sat down and tried to mentally add up the value of what was lost. It was over a million dollars' worth.

Tell us your feelings about the *Batman* TV show.

Before that show came on, I couldn't wait. I was simultaneously thrilled and horrified by what I saw. Thrilled because it was in color, and the sets were clearly expensive. The car was cool. The opening animation looked like Bob Kane's art from the old comics. But when I realized the whole world was laughing at Batman as he was dancing the Batusi and spraying giant sharks with Bat Shark Repellant, I was horrified. It just killed me that everyone was laughing at my favorite superhero. I made my own Bruce Wayne vow on that cold winter night in 1966. I swore then that somehow, someday, some way I would find a way to show the world what the dark and serious Batman was like—the only true Batman I knew.

Is it true that you taught the first collegiate course on comic books?

I was a junior in college at the time. It was the early 1970s at Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana, where they had an experimental curriculum department. If you had an idea for a course that had never been taught and had the backing of a department on campus, you could appear before a panel of deans and professors to pitch it. I designed a course on comic books that conveyed them as a legitimate American art form as indigenous in this country as jazz. Sociologically, it's a mirror of ourselves: comic books as contemporary American folklore. It's our modern-day mythology. I claimed that the ancient gods of Greece, Rome and Egypt still exist, but today they are in spandex and capes.

Did teaching about comic books get you a job at DC Comics?

The day I got the course approved, I was on cloud nine walking back to my apartment. I couldn't believe I'd pulled this off. Then my mother's voice popped into my head: "Michael, you can have the greatest creative ideas in the world. But if you don't market yourself, no one will ever know about them."

I got back to my apartment, picked up a phone and called United Press International [UPI], which at the time was as big a news syndicate as AP [Associated Press]. I started screaming at this reporter, "How could this be happening, and you're not doing anything about it?! There is a course on comic books being taught at Indiana University! Are you telling me that, as a taxpayer, they're using *my* money to teach our children comic books?! This has got to be a Communist plot to subvert the youth of America!" Then I slammed down the phone.

Three days later, that reporter tracked me down. I did an interview that was picked up by virtually every newspaper in North America and Europe. My phone never stopped ringing. I started doing radio and TV talk shows. I never once taught a class where there weren't TV cameras and reporters. Two weeks later, Stan Lee called. He said, "I've been hearing you on the radio and seeing you on TV. What you're doing is great for the comic book industry. How can I help?"

Two hours later, the president of DC Comics called and said, "We would like to fly you to New York to discuss ways we can work with an innovative young man like you." I got a job there. Not only a summer job, but they put me on retainer when I went back to college.

Why were you dubbed "Junior Woodchuck" at DC Comics?

The title came from the organization that Donald Duck's nephews belonged to. They didn't know what to call us at DC Comics. There were no interns or internships then. We were the first generation of "fan boys" brought in to learn every aspect of the business. I became the assistant to Sol Harrison, the production manager who later became president of DC Comics.

You also got to clean out the archival closet. What treasures did you find?

It was like the last scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. This closet at DC had not been touched since the late '60s. I found the original corporate documents in which they seized control of the company from Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson, who started DC. All the sales figures for the original comic books, including the first 20 issues of *Action Comics*. I learned that *Superman #1* had two printings and that *Superman #2* was the first comic to sell a million copies. I found "ash cans," which were dummy copies of comic books used to get the comics' copyrights nailed down. George Reeves's Superman costume. Adam West's costume. It was a gold mine.

How did you end up writing comics for DC?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

By working at DC in the summer, I was at the right place at the right time when the editor desperately needed a script for *The Shadow*. I jumped in and said, "I have an idea for a *Shadow* story!" I didn't. I went in his office, and the wheels started turning. I started to hem and haw. Finally, I got enough out that he said, "Can you have this script on my desk by 6 a.m. tomorrow?"

I went home and did it. Then I was a writer for DC Comics! A couple of weeks later, the editor of *Batman* was walking down the hall. He said, "Hey, kid, I read your *Shadow* script. It didn't stink." From him, it was the ultimate compliment. He then said, "How would you like to take a crack at writing *Batman*?"

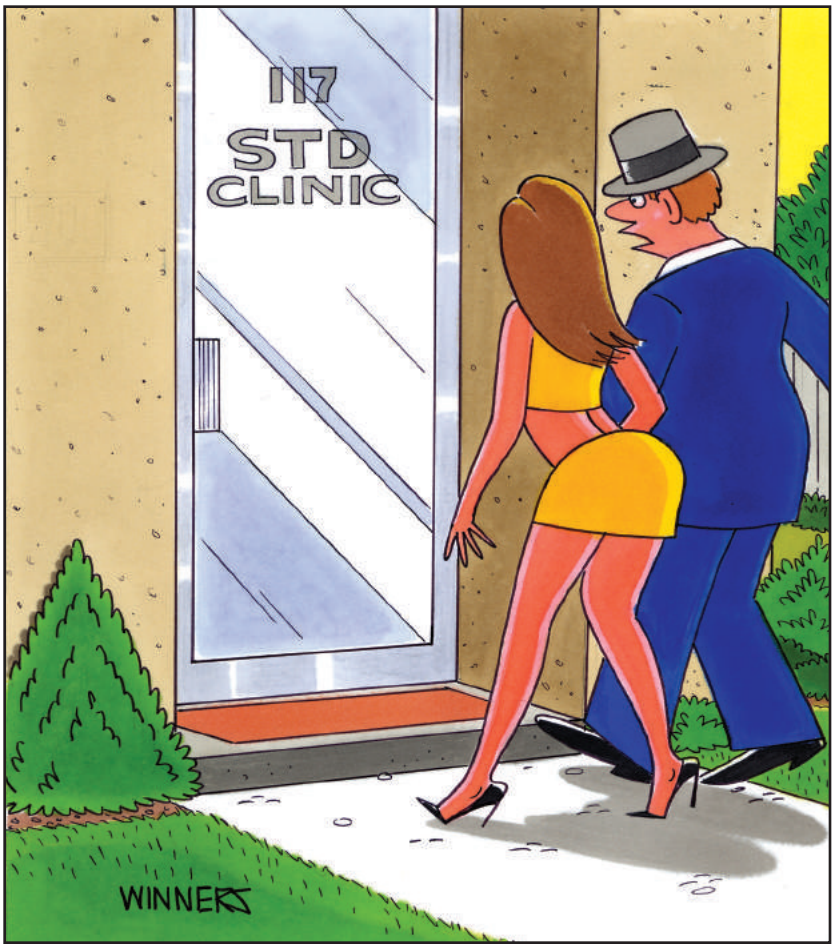
Why did you take a job in the legal department at United Artists?

Since I couldn't get my foot in the door creatively in the movie industry, I had a plan B: take what I learned at law school and work at a major studio, meet everyone, network like mad. Even in a noncreative job, I could learn what was involved in financing and producing movies. Then I could sneak in a back door to get over to the creative side.

You bought the rights to Batman at a time when they were thought to be worthless. What did you see that everybody missed?

For me, it was the opportunity to restore dignity to Batman, which I promised to do since January of 1966. I thought that by doing serious interpretations of comic books, we could create a new kind of hero and that we would have enormous success with sequels, animation,

SO, WHAT'S THE CHANCE OF ME HITTIN' DAT BOOTY TONIGHT, SWEET THANG?
OH, I WOULD SAY ABOUT THE SAME AS YOUR CHANCE OF HITTIN' THE LOTTERY.
WINNERS



"Don't ever say I never take you anywhere!"

merchandising, toys and games.

Why did it take a decade to get the first *Batman* film made?

Every single studio turned me down. Warner Bros. had the right of first refusal because they owned DC Comics. I couldn't even get in the door. All the studios said, "You're crazy! You can't do serious comic book films with dark superheroes. And for God's sake, nobody has ever made a movie based on an old television series!"

Columbia Pictures said, "*Batman* will never be a successful movie because our movie *Annie* didn't do well." Hollywood didn't embrace comic books. They looked down their noses at them. I had to convince them that comic books are not a genre. They are a source of great stories and characters the way novels are. It took years.

How did you finally get the first movie made?

After we'd been turned down by every studio, my partner Ben [Melniker] said to me, "Michael, back in 1969 when I was running MGM, I interviewed three young men to be presidents of production." One of those guys was Peter Guber, who was then partnered with Neil Bogart at Casablanca Records. Casablanca was just about to start making pictures. Peter was young, hip, and Ben thought he might get it. He put me on the phone with Peter, and I did a quick pitch. He loved it. Two days later, Ben and I flew out to L.A. to pitch in person. At the end of it, Peter said, "Let's do it. We'll bankroll this thing." That's how we got underway. Then in 1986, [director] Tim Burton became associated with the project.

What do you do as executive producer of the *Batman* films?

There are so many different types of producers today. Some are financial, some business, some creative or a mixture. I like to think of myself as a creative producer. When I go out to put together a project, I look for something that is a great story with great characters, obtain the rights to that property and then find the right writer, director and stars so that I have a package I can find financing and distribution for.

Do you have a favorite *Batman* movie?

If you take our first revolutionary *Batman* movie and couple it with Christopher Nolan's three *Batman* pictures, that represents everything I hoped to have done with *Batman*.

Which actor captured Batman's essence?

I don't think that their portrayals of Batman were all that different, but their takes on Bruce Wayne were. This is all about Bruce Wayne. When Tim Burton first said he wanted Michael Keaton to play Batman, I was beside myself. All the years I spent trying to do a dark and serious Batman movie down the drain because we were going to hire a comedian. "Mr. Mom as Batman?!" Tim Burton was absolutely right. Michael Keaton [*Batman, Batman Returns*] made it all work. Val Kilmer [*Batman Forever*] did it in a very darkly romantic, stylized way. George Clooney [*Batman & Robin*] was the warm and fuzzy guy next door. And I think Christian Bale [*Batman Begins*, *The Dark Knight*, *The Dark Knight Rises*] nails it for every generation of Batman fans.

What can we expect from the latest installment, *The Dark Knight Rises*?

If you're like me, an utter Batman fan and comic book geek, you've seen Christopher Nolan prove how much he loves and understands this character. He has flawlessly executed his vision. Fasten your seat belt and get ready for an amazing conclusion to his trilogy on July 20, 2012.

The Boy Who Loved Batman by Michael Uslan is available at bookstores everywhere or directly from **TheBoyWhoLovedBatman.com**.

FINGERS TO THE BONE
NIKI LEE YOUNG
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Just because she gets paid to look sexy doesn't mean that **Niki Lee Young** has it easy. "People think that modeling isn't hard work," she states. "But it actually does have a lot of challenges. The biggest one is that every day is different, so you have to be really adaptable to do well."

To maximize her income and exposure, **Niki** takes assignments all over the country. The industrious New Yorker does everything from glamorous shoots in L.A. to amateur photography workshops in the Midwest. "I have to hustle to make my money," she notes. "But I love what I do."

That's evident from **Niki**'s work ethic. "Modeling is more than just standing in front of a camera," the blond stunner asserts. "If you're going to succeed, it's important to totally understand what the client and photographer are looking for. A model is like a piece of clay ready to be shaped."

When not working (which is rare), **Niki** enjoys hanging out with friends and going out to nice restaurants. She's also a dedicated animal rights activist. "I've loved animals since I was a kid," she reveals. "Nothing makes me sadder than thinking about abandoned cats and dogs. I volunteer at shelters when I have the time."

NIKI'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Dobbs Ferry, New York | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

It seems that **Niki Lee Young** is both sweet-hearted and hard-working, a great combination that will surely take her far in life. Being smoking-hot probably won't hurt either.

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SILKY SMOOTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SILVIE DELUXE

Silvie Deluxe wants you to know that she's no Yeti. "There are a lot of silly stereotypes about European girls," the lovely Czech lass declares. "For instance, some Americans think women over here are all very hairy. They seem to believe that we all grow out our underarm hair until we look like Yetis or something!"

While **Silvie** maintains a tasteful patch of hair down south, the rest of her anatomy is silky smooth. "I love going to the spa," she remarks. "Going somewhere and getting pampered is definitely one of my favorite things to do. My body is my livelihood, so I have to take good care of it!"

Another pet peeve for **Silvie** is the misconception that Europeans have lousy taste in music. "Some people think we just listen to the stuff that was popular in America ten years ago," the statuesque beauty observes. "But there's actually a lot of cool new music in Prague. There are some punk bands coming up now that are just awesome."

Although fond of her hometown, **Silvie** yearns to see more of the world. "Prague is amazing," she says. "The energy here is very cool. It's a good mix of the old and the new, ancient history and punk-rock spirit. But I'm looking forward to visiting new places and meeting new people. I have an adventurer's spirit at heart, and I'm ready to wander."

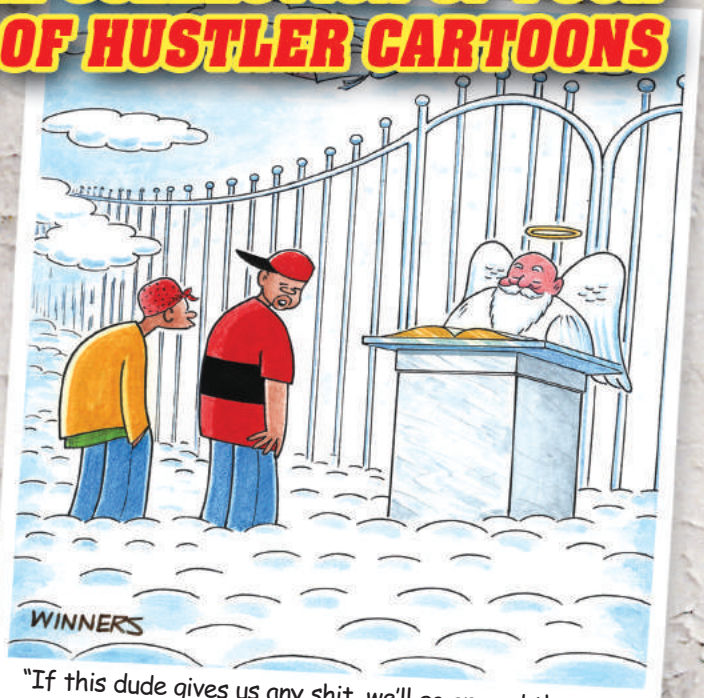
SILVIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 116

38TH ANNIVERSARY GIFT

LOOK BACK IN LAUGHTER!

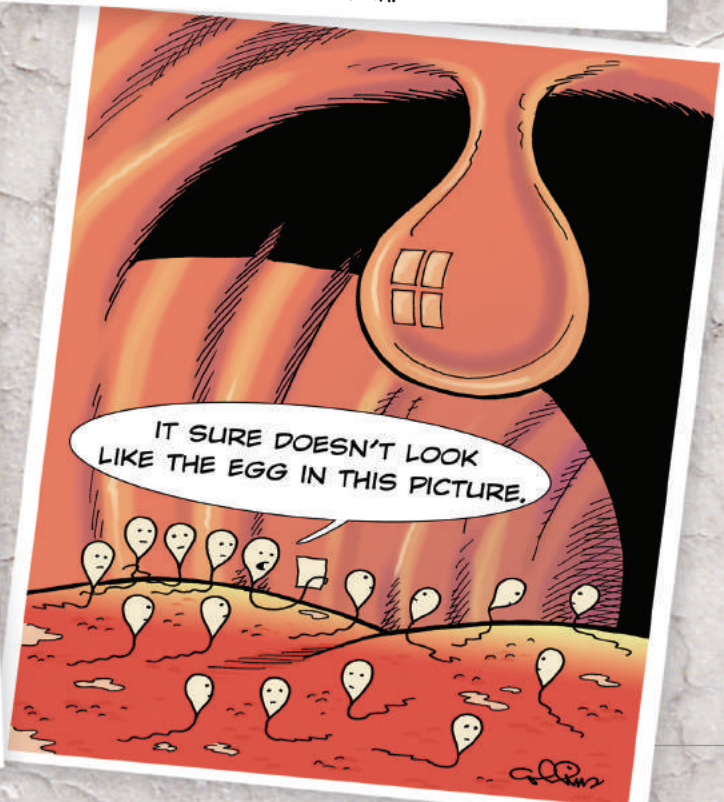
A SPECIAL COLLECTION OF FOUR DECADES OF HUSTLER CARTOONS

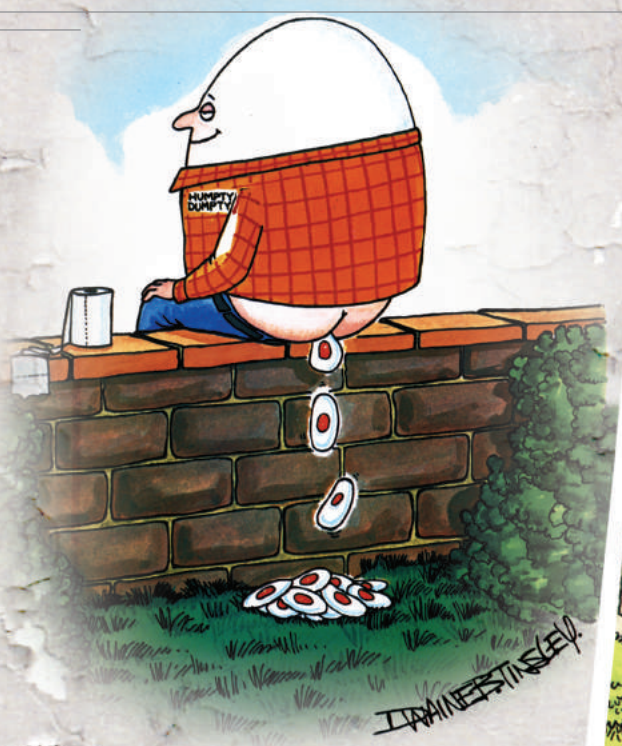
"I freed what?!"

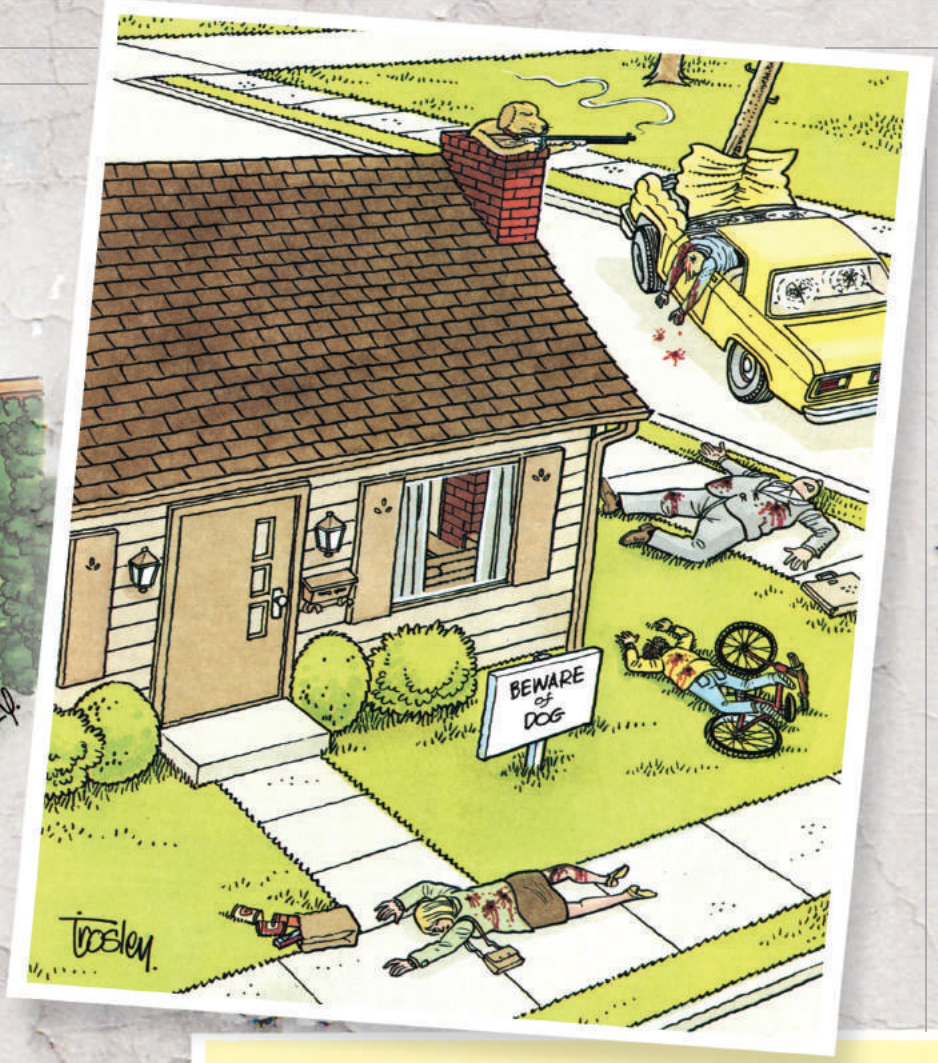


"If this dude gives us any shit, we'll go around the rear and break in."

"Cautiously...Indy entered the Temple of Doom!"

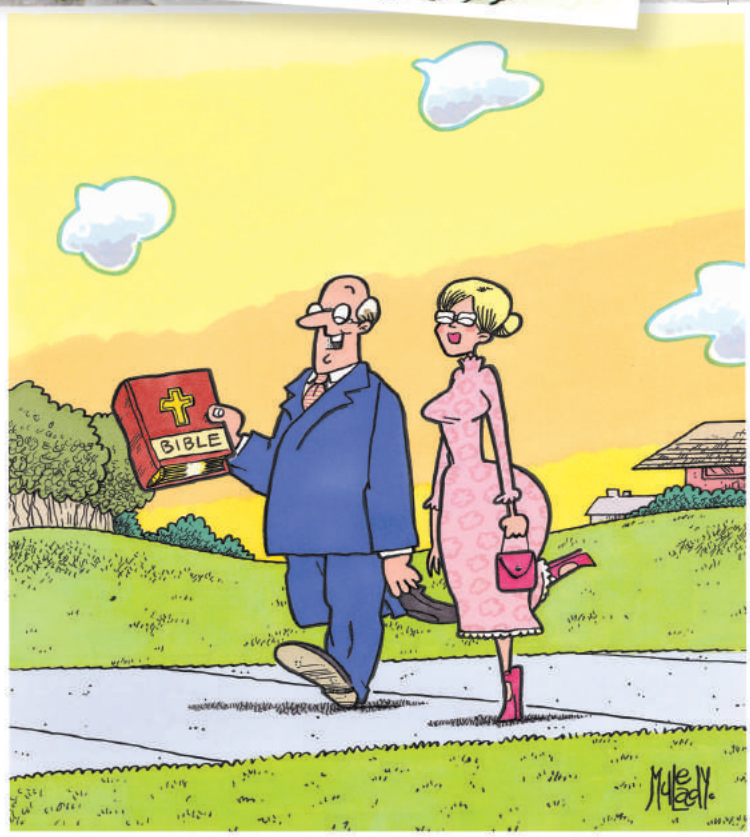




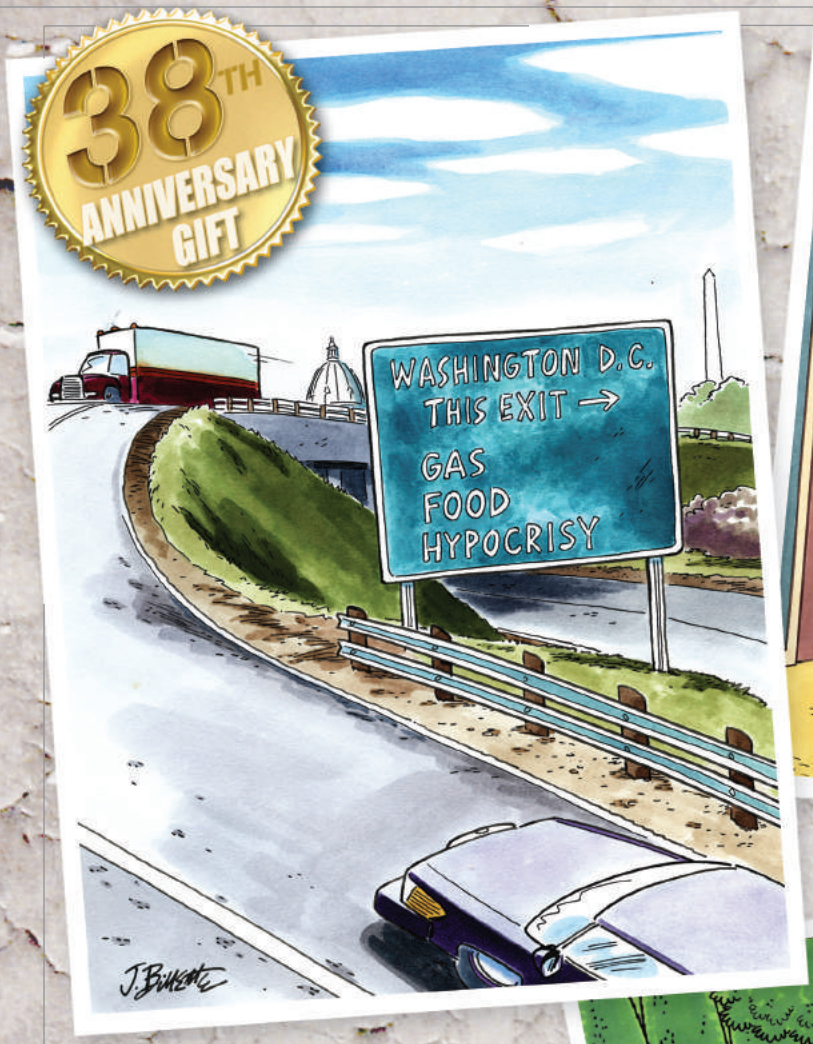


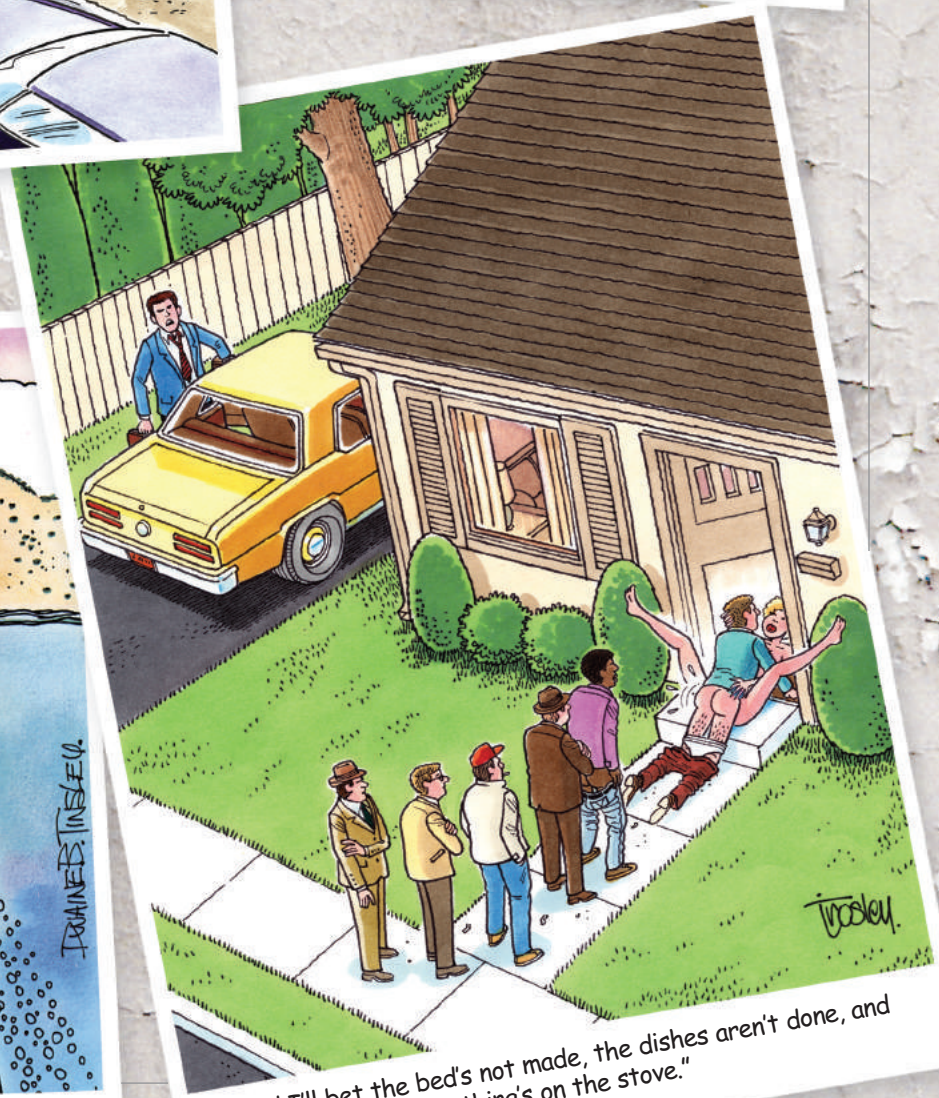
WHEN WE FIRST HIT THE NEWSSTANDS BACK IN JULY 1974, HUSTLER became instantly infamous not only for its gorgeous, young female models spreading their legs for the world to see, but also for its outrageous, rib-cracking, shameless, not-for-the-squeamish cartoons. In celebration of this mag's 38th anniversary, we present standouts from John Billette, George Trosley, Dan Collins, Bob Muleady, George Winners and the late Dwaine Tinsley. Sure beats the shit outta the Sunday funnies!

"We're not all mad as hatters in the Tea Party! Some of us are actually fucking retarded!"



"While not all the answers are in the Bible, it does give me the opportunity to be as ignorant and unbelievably stupid in the face of cold, hard facts as I want to be."





"And I'll bet the bed's not made, the dishes aren't done, and nothing's on the stove."

"Your new habit of Tebowing after you come on my face is starting to get annoying."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

LENA NICOLE

For **Lena Nicole**, the secret to happiness is simple: Get out of the house. “I love being in the sunshine,” she gushes. “I’m not much of a bikini fan, though, because I dislike tan lines. So I try to go naked as much as possible!”

Besides sunbathing in the buff, **Lena**’s favorite pastimes are yoga, mountain biking and hiking. “Where I’m from, there are hills and trails everywhere,” the lifelong Californian reveals. “I take my pit bull with me on a lot of walks. When I reach the peak of a hill or mountain, I like to take a break, sip green tea and meditate.”

When the mood strikes her, **Lena** engages in bolder alfresco activities. “My most memorable sexual experiences have all been outdoors,” the contemplative hottie recalls. “They’re always fun. Whether I’m at a beach lying in the warm sand with the sun beating down on my naked body or during some random hike in the wilderness, sex is a great way to connect with nature.”

Lena—who describes herself as “positive, enthusiastic and spontaneous”—is searching for a lover with very specific qualities. “My fantasy is to find a man who can touch me just right,” she confides. “A man who understands that sex is about more than just getting it in. It’s a combination of the mental, physical and emotional. I’d like to find a guy who can take control and dominate me but at the same time be very sensual.”

LENA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Lake Elsinore, California | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 120

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Returning home from a shopping trip, a woman found her husband in the kitchen wielding a flyswatter. When she asked what he was up to, the dude snapped, "Killing flies, dear. I already got two males and three females."

Perplexed, wifey asked how he could tell the difference. Her hubby retorted, "Two were on a beer can, and three were on the phone."

Question: What did the leper say to the hooker?

Answer: "Keep the tip."

While hunting geese in northern Minnesota, Olaf leaned his 12-gauge against a tree to take a leak. As luck would have it, his dog knocked the shotgun over. It discharged, and Olaf took about an ounce of buckshot in the groin.

Several hours later, Olaf woke up in a Duluth hospital bed. A doctor gave him the lowdown: "I have good news and bad news, Olaf. The good news is that you're going to live. There was no major damage to your internal organs, and we were able to remove all of the buckshot."

"What's the bad news?" Olaf asked.

"The bad news," the doctor solemnly announced, "is that your penis sustained some pretty extensive damage. I'm going to have to refer you to my sister Greta."

"I guess that isn't too bad," Olaf said. "Is your sister a plastic surgeon?"

"Not exactly," the good doc replied. "She's a flute player in the Twin Cities Symphony Orchestra. She's going to teach you where to put your fingers so you don't piss in your eye."

Question: What's the difference between a tragedy and a catastrophe?

Answer: A tragedy is a cruise ship full of Wall Street bankers capsizing in a storm. A catastrophe is when the motherfuckers can all swim.

Having never been married, a middle-aged secretary named Susie was growing tired of the single life, and it was no secret that the spinster was looking to tie the knot.

One day as Susie came back from her lunch break toting a bag of items from the drugstore, her boss muttered, "In the past three weeks you've bought enough birth control pills to last a year, crates of vaginal foam, flavored douches, a dozen diaphragms and Lord knows how many condoms. Geez, Susie, you don't even have a boyfriend. Why the hell are you buying all that stuff?"

Susie smiled slyly and replied, "I'm trying to seduce the pharmacist."

Two blondes were stargazing on a moonlit beach in Massachusetts. Looking up at the heavens, one asked the other, "Which do you think is farther away—Florida or the moon?"

The second chick strained her brain for a few moments, then gushed, "Duh, it's pretty obvious. Can you see Florida?"

Paul ran into his friend Dave at the horse track. Instead of his usual scruffy clothes, Dave was wearing a puffy-sleeved shirt, a burgundy ascot and lime-colored trousers. Surprised, Paul inquired, "What's up with the duds?"

"You can blame my friggin' wife!" flamboyantly dressed Dave exclaimed.

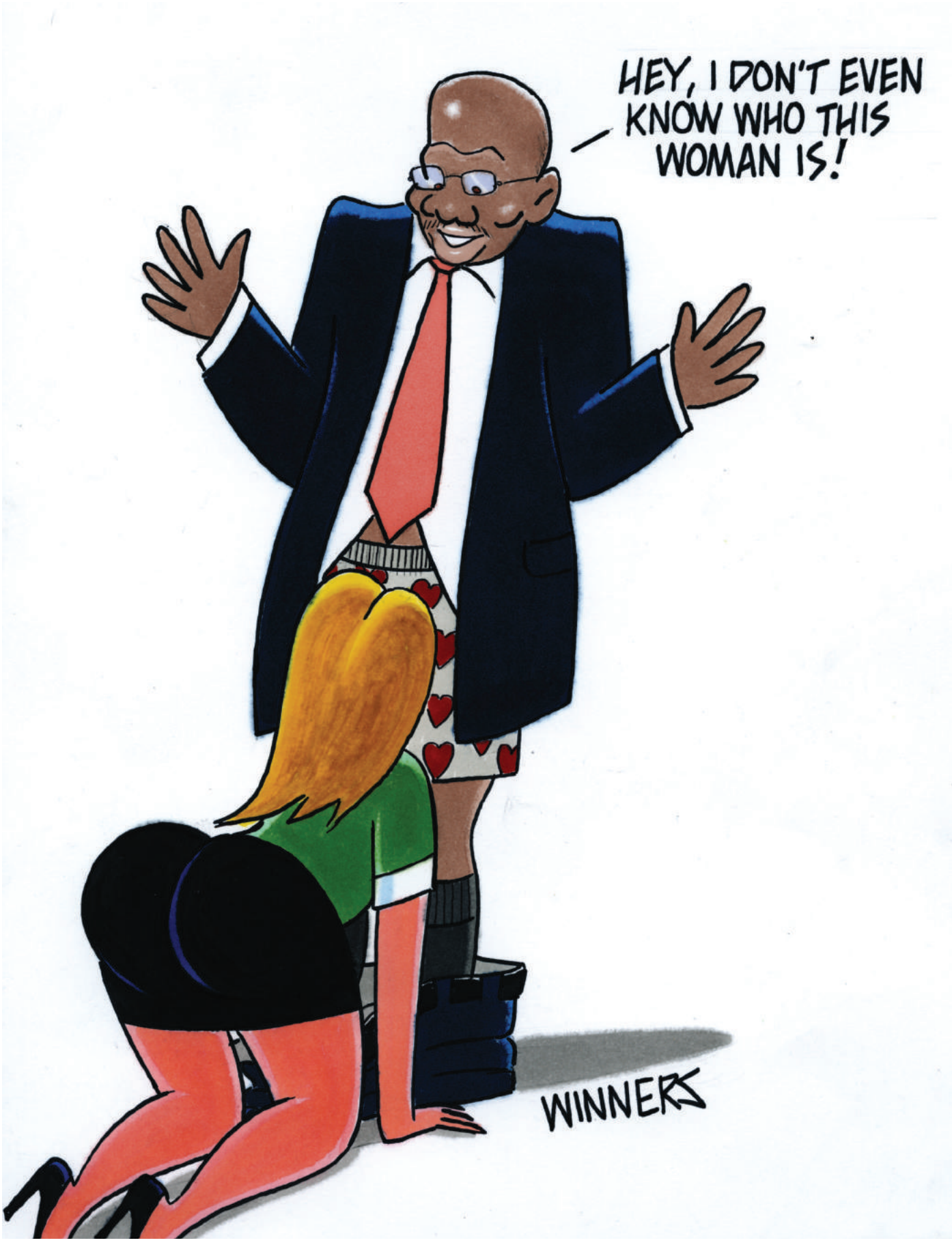
"Your wife?"

"Yeah, buddy," Dave explained. "I saw an ad in the paper for Cox's Men's Store. They were having a great sale on seersucker suits, so I told her to go to Cox's and buy me one. So what does the ditz do? She goes to Sears and buys me a cocksucker suit."

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to Timothy B.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



Herman Cain with another denial and another white chick.

WHAT WOULD MEGAN FOX LOOK LIKE IN THE RAW?

FORGET ABOUT JENNIFER'S BODY...WE WANT MEGAN'S!

To the best of our knowledge, drop-dead gorgeous Megan Fox has never appeared fully nude in any of her films. Hey, that's the 25-year-old actress's prerogative. Just as it's ours to imagine what the ultrababe (star of the first two *Transformers* blockbusters and the weird horror flick *Jennifer's Body*) would look like wearing only her God-given birthday suit. It was a no-brainer.

Megan is a natural beauty (no shit!) with an intoxicating blend of French, Irish and Native American roots. She admits to supporting the legalization of marijuana, being bisexual and, at one point in her latter teen years, falling in lust with a female stripper. Wow! So what's the big deal, Meg, about shedding a few clothes and giving the public a peek at your pubic region, not to mention your undoubtedly magnificent tatas and that scrumptious ass?

That stated—and until Megan gets with the program—enjoy this special fantasy presentation.

DISCLAIMER: Celebrity parody. No such picture of Megan Fox actually exists—yet. This composite fantasy image is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

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BY ALVIN TAYLOR CUSHMAN

THE FIVE BEST STRIP CLUBS IN LAS VEGAS

AN UNBIASED GUIDE TO SIN AND SENSUALITY

My first HUSTLER assignment was both daunting and titillating. I had to venture into dozens of Las Vegas strip clubs, scoping every detail from a doorman's manners to zits on a dancer's ass. The hard part was narrowing down the establishments to those that not only showcase a bevy of beautiful, zesty women who know how to keep the patrons happy but that also provide an ultracool atmosphere, great amenities and maximum value. It was a tough job, and a lot of good clubs got left out. But the following five Vegas strip clubs truly measure up in every way.

Speical guest/porn superstar Lisa Ann costumed and topless (above right) at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club.

PHOTOS THIS PAGE COURTESY HEW BURNEY/HEWMANBEING.COM

1 LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CLUB

Simply stated, nobody does it better. The 70,000-square-foot facility is one of the most visually impressive attractions in Sin City.

General manager Andrew Jaeger explained what makes frequenting HUSTLER Las Vegas an unforgettable experience: "The HUSTLER brand has a worldwide identity; it's always been synonymous with the very best in adult entertainment. That's why we're trying very hard to create a 'sensual overload' factor. We're more than a strip club. We're an erotic-entertainment center for the 21st century."

"Sensual overload" is an understatement. As you enter the foyer, beneath a crystal chandelier worthy of the Palace of Versailles, you'll discover a steel-and-glass interior that evokes a futuristic adult amusement park. A spiral staircase leads to three floors of bedazzling dancers, a plethora of bars, luxury seating areas and a rooftop patio with a breathtaking view of the Vegas skyline. In addition, there are lots of private booths, as well as 17 elegantly decorated, clandestine "Honey Suites," where gentlemen have the opportunity to—in GM Jaeger's words—"make their fantasies come true."

Once you've made your fantasy a reality, you can walk through a set of glass doors to the adjoining HUSTLER Hollywood store. Like the

outlets nationwide, this adult emporium is stocked with a more-than-you-can-imagine supply of lingerie, HUSTLER apparel, sex toys, jewelry and XXX DVDs.

No wonder Vince Neil of Mötley Crüe was among the celebrities who showed up on opening night. Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club is definitely the place to party like a rock star—although you don't need "star cash" to do so. Sensitive to America's screwed-up economy, the club always offers fantastic happy-hour deals and free food before 7 p.m. to ensure that the partying remains hearty. (The coolest free amenity: Gorgeous attendants towel-dry the hands of men's room visitors!) HUSTLER Las Vegas is the biggest oasis of beautiful women in town.

(*Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, 6007 Dean Martin Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89118; 702-795-3131; VegasHustlerClub.com*)

2 OLYMPIC GARDEN

Everybody knows of a fantastic, family-run, friendly neighborhood business that's been around forever, right? That description generally applies to a diner or a local pizzeria, but in the world of gentlemen's clubs, it fits the Olympic Garden to a T.

Analia at the Olympic Garden

Pete Eliades opened the OG in 1989, and the 78-year-old is now running it with the help of his son, daughter, grandson and several nieces and nephews. It's a dark, cavernous place with the feel of a traditional strip club—several stages combined with lots of nooks and crannies and private seating areas. There's an eclectic mixture of performers ranging from pretty girls with that I-could-be-your-naughty-neighbor look to heavily tattooed, well-endowed biker chicks. All the ladies are extremely friendly and work hard at creating the illusion that their customers' chit-chat is endlessly fascinating. "Wow, you paint houses! It must be great to be outside all the time." That was a line I heard a hot little Asian number gush to a stocky, middle-aged guy after she'd given him an absolutely filthy (and I mean that in the best possible way) table dance.

Courtney at the Olympic Garden

"We have always provided our customers with good service and gorgeous women," Pete Eliades noted. "And we treat our customers with respect. That's why politicians, celebrities, chiefs of police all know they can come here along with the locals and regular, working-class people on vacation."

Pete's absolutely right. The OG is a winner.

(*Olympic Garden, 1531 Las Vegas Boulevard South, Las Vegas, NV 89104; 702-385-9361; OGvegas.com*)

Holly Ann at Sapphire

ALL PHOTOS BY ALVIN TAYLOR CUSHMAN EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

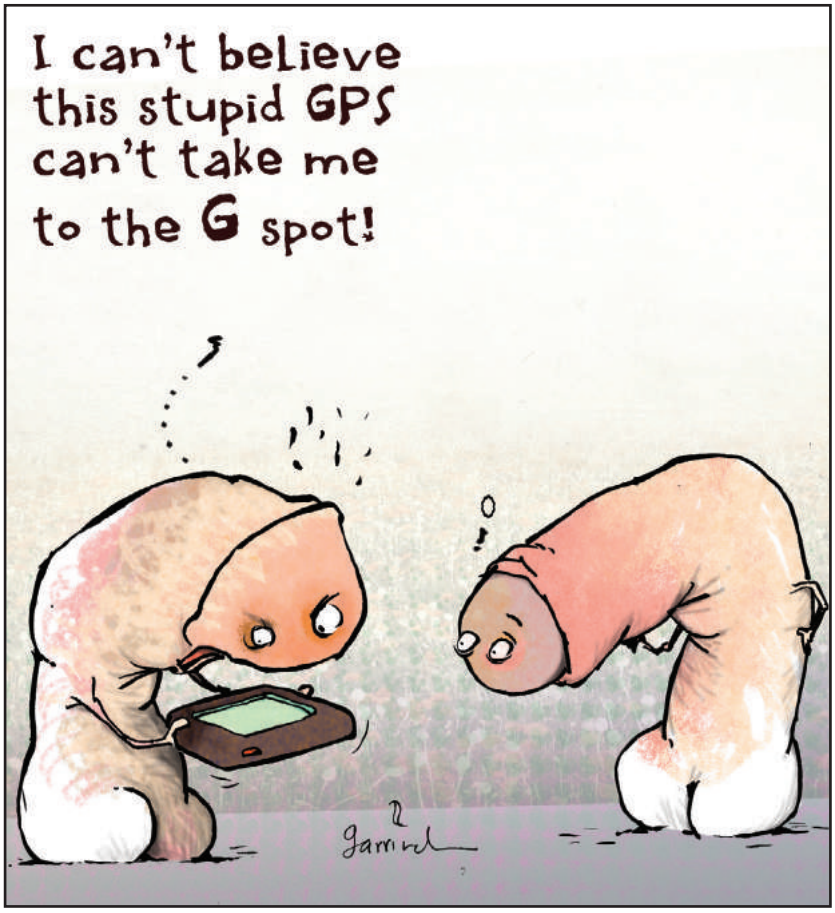
3 SAPPHIRE

This is not your father's strip joint. With its Plexiglas-and-steel design of interconnecting catwalks and stages, Sapphire looks less like a gentlemen's club and more like the set of a *Star Wars* movie. It's a very inviting environment, and the best part is that this futuristic den of iniquity is filled to the brim with superhot women.

"We work hard to get the very best entertainers," said managing partner Peter Feinstein. "We have over 9,000 in our data system. We're in contact with them weekly. We also give special treatment—things like deluxe locker rooms—to high-end entertainers who do a good job for us."

In other words, as a business enterprise, Sapphire functions just like the New York Yankees. The club spends money generously so it can stay near the top of the heap.

(*Sapphire, 3025 Industrial Road, Las Vegas, NV 89109; 702-796-6000; SapphireLasVegas.com*)



Dahlia & Candace at Jaguars Gentlemen's Cabaret

4 JAGUARS GENTLEMEN'S CABARET

Jaguars is to Sapphire as the Boston Red Sox are to the New York Yankees—rivals at the highest level and equally proficient at what they do. Measuring 25,000 square feet, Jaguars is plenty big. It boasts six stages, lots of VIP rooms, a sports bar and, most importantly, hundreds of beautiful, scantily clad dancers who somehow manage to greet all their customers with the enthusiasm of an old girlfriend running into her first love at a high school reunion. And because it's Las Vegas, Jaguars has added a little extra showbiz pizzazz: Cirque du Soleil-quality aerial artists performing high above all the revelry.

But the establishment itself is very down-to-earth. "We don't want our customers to have to leave because they're hungry," manager Kenny Leonard explained. "No $300 lobster platters like some clubs. We sell lots of good, competitively priced bar food like chicken and pizza. Customers nowadays have a lower spending average, and we respect that. We just want them to keep coming back."

The main reason Jaguars packs 'em in, however, isn't the grub; it's a variety of enticing ladies. "Lots of clubs are just filled with blond girls with big boobs," Leonard added. "At Jaguars, we have that look, of course, but we also have lots of girls of different ethnicities and body types. We have something for everybody."

Nikki Fairchild at Jaguars

(*Jaguars Gentlemen's Cabaret, 3355 Procyon Street, Las Vegas, NV 89012; 702-367-4000; JaguarsLasVegas.com*)

(continued on page 151)

HOOK UP TONIGHT With HOT GIRLS AND THE SEXIEST PORNSTARS!

THEY'RE WAITING INSIDE NOW!

Come inside and see what you can get them to do!

These girls are **Ready & Willing** to do **ANYTHING FOR YOU!**

We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

EDDIE TRUNK
THAT METAL GUY

We've invited world-renowned heavy metal guru Eddie Trunk—host of VH1 Classic's top-rated program, *That Metal Show*—to discuss all things metal, including the music historian's book *Eddie Trunk's Essential Hard Rock and Heavy Metal*.

HUSTLER: What is the first album you ever bought, and what album changed your life?

EDDIE TRUNK: The first record that changed my life was by a power-pop band called the Raspberries. I was in the backseat of my parents' car listening to AM radio. I was maybe nine or ten years old, and the song "Go All the Way" came on. When I heard that song, I was hooked on the sound of those crunchy, distorted guitar power chords. It was the first time I really heard what was high-energy rock at the time.

The album that I first remember buying, which again was a life-changer, was KISS's *Destroyer*. I talk about it in my book. Every day in junior high, I would walk by this record store after school. My friend said to me, "Let's go in; I want to buy this new album by a band called KISS." I had never heard of them. It was 1976, and I was about 12. We flipped through the bins, and he pulled out a copy of what was then their new album, *Rock and Roll Over*. He said, "This is their new one. I don't know if it's any good since it just came out, but you should buy their last one—*Destroyer*."

I did and went home, dropped the needle and stared at the cover. KISS became my obsession for a long time. They were the only band that I could be a fan of. (*Laughs.*) I couldn't deviate from that. After a while, I had to acknowledge there was more than just KISS out there. Then I got into Black Sabbath, Aerosmith, Van Halen, AC/DC and whatever else came down the pike.

Did you always know music would be your career?

I was not good at school. I didn't like the hours, and I didn't apply myself. None of it interested me. The only thing that interested me was the bands I loved. I was consumed by music. When I got into high school, I tried to be a musician. I briefly took drum lessons, but I wanted to learn how to play immediately. When they handed me sticks, sheet music and a drum pad, I wanted the drum kit. I knew the musician thing wasn't going to work out, but I still needed to be around that. I started out writing for the high school paper. Then a college radio station in my hometown in New Jersey wanted to keep the radio station on during the summer. They asked the high school if anyone wanted to do it. That got me interested in radio.

Then I started working at a record store. All of that led to me working for a record label [MegaForce] from around 1986 to 1990, and music became my life—on every level. Then some artist management stuff. I developed this hard rock and metal radio show in New Jersey. Around 1994, I knew I was going to make a living just doing this. I got a gig doing radio in New York City. Even though it was only 35 miles from where I lived, that trip from suburban New Jersey to New York City was a whole different world. It was a game-changer. From there came the TV stuff.

How did *That Metal Show* originate?

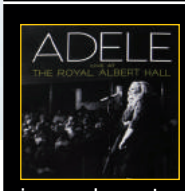
What a lot of people don't know is that I worked for VH1 Classic as a host and interviewer for six years prior to doing *That Metal Show*. At the time, the channel wasn't that popular. Lots of people didn't see the stuff I did. I introduced videos and interviewed every style of artist from Gloria Gaynor to Carly Simon to Robert Plant. I had a long history with the channel and kept saying to them, "I wanna do my own show. Turn me loose. Forget

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

TOM WAITS
Bad as Me

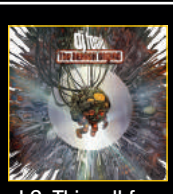
Ain't nobody as bad as singer/songwriter Tom Waits. We mean that in a good way. The gravelly voiced, genius whackjob's latest CD is a masterpiece of slightly twisted storytelling done in styles ranging from rockabilly to old-style piano saloon crooning.



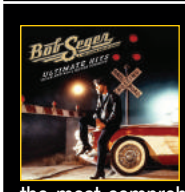
ADELE
Live at the Royal Albert Hall

Music's latest "it girl" is not like most pop stars. She can actually sing! There is no better way to witness Adele than live. Sadly, throat issues have temporarily pulled her off the road. Luckily for us, this DVD-and-CD set captures Adele's giant voice and even bigger talent doing what she does best.

DJ FOOD
The Search Engine



Futuristic funk? Distant galaxy dance? How do you describe the sound of DJ Food? He combines hip-hop's hottest grooves with some of indie rock's greatest voices (including J.G. Thirwell from Foetus and Matt Johnson of The The) for some of the best jams to hit us in years.

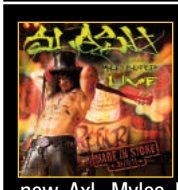


BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND
Ultimate Hits: Rock and Roll Never Forgets

Hot on the heels of their sold-out 50-date tour comes this two-CD set. It is the most comprehensive look at the classic rock radio career of Detroit's favorite son. All the FM staples are here, including "Old Time Rock and Roll," "Katmandu," "Turn the Page" and "Like a Rock."

KATE BUSH
50 Words for Snow

Christmas in July? Why not? Ethereal goddess Kate Bush releases her most masterfully executed CD to date. This concept piece (more classical than pop) features seven songs of dreamy brilliance, most notably a duet with Elton John.

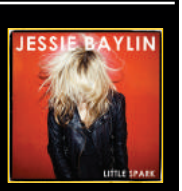


SLASH FEATURING MYLES KENNEDY
Live: Made in Stoke 24/7/11

You have a choice: Either go to a Guns N' Roses concert featuring Axl without Slash or check out this CD-DVD combo featuring Slash with his new Axl, Myles Kennedy from Alter Bridge. At least with this, you get to witness the pure power of Slash's guitar as he rips through the GN'R classics "Mr. Brownstone" and "Paradise City."

DOZEN

JESSIE BAYLIN
Little Spark



Supersexy Jessie Baylin sings with a country croon that recalls Patsy Cline and Shelby Lynne. Her latest CD is brimming with mellow and smoky down-home love songs that would make the perfect soundtrack for an early-morning drive down America's dusty back roads.

NICKELBACK
Here and Now

Unabashed, straight-ahead American rock 'n' roll (as done by Canadians): Nobody does it better than Nickelback. Hell yeah! This disc is a balls-out tribute to drinking, standing tall and kicking ass. *Here and Now* is the perfect summer soundtrack. Now all you need to do is grab a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon and a loose woman to unleash a party. As we said, "Hell yeah!"

THE SMASHING PUMPKINS
Gish and Siamese Dream (Deluxe Remasters)

No denying it, Billy Corgan and company defined angst-ridden '90s rock to a T. Their masterful first two albums get the superdeluxe treatment. Each has been lovingly repackaged into a two-CD-plus-DVD set featuring a plethora of bonus material and art cards.

GARY NUMAN
Dead Son Rising

For those who are only familiar with Numan's '80s megahit "Cars," you've missed out on decades of dark and interesting albums. His latest is a sterling blend of industrial and progressive noise wrapped around a captivating concept that is well worth checking out.

FOXY SHAZAM
The Church of Rock and Roll

Epic, theatrical rock at its best. Foxy Shazam channels everyone from '70s Elton John to KISS to the Darkness and Queen on this over-the-top rock 'n' roll celebration. *The Church of Rock and Roll* restores faith in the fact that music can change the world or at least make you raise your fist.

TRUE PRESS
Sweet Reggae

The album's title says it all. This L.A.-based band plays groove-based jams that sound best at an open-air festival or beach party, all done with an impressive amount of precision and top-notch musicianship. If you like Sublime or Spearhead, you need to fire it up and check out True Press. They're on Facebook.

the scripts. Let me bring in some friends and do this the way I'd love to do it."

It went through a huge evolutionary process, but around 2008 VH1 finally got tired of hearing me beat them up about it and let me do a pilot. And here we are, just shot our ninth season, almost a hundred episodes. It's become the flagship show for the channel, and it's remarkable.

How did Don Jamieson and Jim Florentine become your cohosts?

They were listeners of my radio show. We met in 2000. They're both stand-up comics, and they would come and hang out at the radio studio after their gigs. When VH1 said to me, "We want to do this pilot, but we don't want just you; we want some guys to also hang out and bust balls," I said, "I've got just the guys." Don and Jim had a DVD series called *Meet the Creeps*, where they did hidden-camera stuff and went around messing with rock artists and people at rock concerts.

I thought that element could work in the show. Don and Jim are truly friends. We hang out, and the chemistry is real. It is what we would be doing if we didn't have cameras. They are also truly fans of the music.

Who knows more about the music?

I think they would both tell you in a lot of areas, like the '70s and '80s, I'm probably a little bit more knowledgeable. They know more than I do in certain genres of metal. They follow the new-school and extreme stuff a lot more than I do. I'm much more rooted in the classics.

Are there any dream guests who have yet to do *That Metal Show*?

We get asked constantly, "Why don't you have Eddie Van Halen on?" We try, but first he has to want to do it and then be available. If they're on the road when we shoot, then we can't do it. The wish list is Eddie Van Halen, anyone from Mötley Crüe—Nikki Sixx in particular. The only reason we haven't had Mötley on yet has been scheduling. The Scorpions are on the list too, but they live in Germany. [Scorpions former member Herman Rarebell was on the show in January.] The hugest one would be Iron Maiden.

What about Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley from KISS?

We've had Ace [Frehley]. We've had Peter [Criss]. We've asked Paul and Gene. There are three artists that won't do the show for reasons we don't know. We can only assume that they have some problem with me or us: Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley and Ozzy Osbourne. It's unfortunate, not for me and my show, but for their fans. Those guys will go on shows where the hosts have no real knowledge of their history and aren't really fans.

I assume the issue with KISS is that I have been very vocal about this [current] version of the band. I have no problem with Tommy Thayer or Eric Singer being in the band. But as a lifelong KISS fan, I have a problem with them dressing like Ace and Peter, in their makeup, onstage. It doesn't mean that I still don't love KISS. I wish these guys would just sit down and talk about it.

As far as Ozzy is concerned, I couldn't tell you. The Ozzy thing is a complete mystery to me.

Has the network nixed any of the guests you wanted?

Absolutely over the years, because they want name talent they think people will tune in for. Most of the guys they said no to, over time they've come around and said yes to. UFO is a prime example. Fans assume that I have total control over who is on the show, but it's not the truth.

Is UFO one of your favorite bands, and why hasn't Phil Mogg [interviewed in the June '12 *Sights & Sounds*] been a guest yet?

I think UFO is one of the most underrated bands in rock, although over the last couple of years I may have changed that for them. I've had people tell me that they've discovered UFO because they've heard me talking about them. The biggest reward is having someone thank me for turning them on to a band. We almost got Phil when UFO wrapped up a [2011] tour, but he went back to England.

What is it like to actually be friends with Ace Frehley?

Awesome. Hysterical. He was the first artist I ever signed to a record deal when I started working at MegaForce in 1987. It was kind of surreal because ten years earlier I was at Madison Square Garden for my first-ever concert seeing KISS. Then I was working with Ace, and we became friends. I'm really proud of him because the last four or five years he's been sober. At his core, he is a real sweetheart of a guy. He's such a huge part of the essence of what made KISS special. The one thing that bothers me a lot is that nowadays KISS tries to marginalize Ace's contributions. They say, "It doesn't matter who is behind the makeup; they're just characters." That stuff is as wrong as wrong can be.

Was there anything you forgot to put in your book?

Oh God, yeah! The biggest problem with the book was cutting stuff. It was extremely difficult to decide which bands were going to make it in. Having never done a book before, I didn't know there was a thing called editing. At the end, I came up with 35 core bands and an extra 15 that got just a quick paragraph in the back of the book. Those will probably start my next one.

What can we expect from *That Metal Show* in the future?

I think the key word going forward is *evolution*. People will be surprised to know that when the show was first put together I was very against naming it *That Metal Show*. I think it's limiting in some people's minds. When people hear "metal," they think it has to be all about Slayer, Megadeth and all of that world.

We're going to expand things. It's always going to be a rock show, but why limit ourselves? If someone has a great story, let's have them in to tell it. We're going a little more modern, and we're also going to go more older, classic rock-based. It's going to be the balance of those two worlds.

TEDDY THOMPSON
DREAMS COME TRUE

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

British singer-songwriter Teddy Thompson is a master of well-crafted tunes. You could say having such a gift is in his blood. After all, his parents are music icons Richard and Linda Thompson. Teddy stopped by to discuss his legendary folks, girls who drink and his deep love of HUSTLER and horses. Man, he's into horses.

HUSTLER: We hear you're a big fan of our humble publication.

TEDDY THOMPSON: This is like a dream come true. HUSTLER Magazine was a big part of my youth. It was the one. I can't tell you how happy I am to be here. Of all the things my press people told me I was going to do, this interview excited me the most—not the *New York Times*. HUSTLER stirred some primal 13-year-old's feelings.

Do you remember the first time you saw an issue?

I remember the cover. It was kind of red. I remember the typeface. It was the filthiest thing you could get as a magazine in England, probably anywhere, at that time. It was the holy grail for a teenage boy. I also remember that the first porn movie I ever saw was called *Give Me Horse*. It was [shot] in Spain, and it was women being drenched in cum by horses. That film probably shaped my life and made me have such low self-esteem, inadequacy that I'm never going to measure up to a horse. Every time I pass a stable, I shudder a bit.

Was there a lot of music in your home when you were growing up?

Yes and no. There was music played on the stereo but not played by my mom and dad very much. They were divorced when I was seven. I remember my dad always playing the guitar around the house, but I wasn't interested in music yet. My mom doesn't play an instrument; so once they split, she wasn't really doing that much music.

When did you become interested in music?

I remember my dad used to play an Everly Brothers tape in the car. That was the first thing that I heard, and my ears pricked up. We used to just listen to that over and over again, and I loved it.

When did you realize that your folks were music luminaries Linda and Richard Thompson?

Their music to a kid is so unfashionable, especially when it's your parents. When I was ten or 12, I would have loved to have told my friends that my dad was Eric Clapton or something because that would sound so much cooler. Of course, now I wouldn't trade my dad for Eric Clapton or anyone else musically or otherwise. At the time it wasn't cool to tell someone that my dad was Richard Thompson and that he played folk music. I used to lie and say they were just businesspeople.

Was it daunting for you to go into the music business?

Not really. I benefited a lot from sounding very different—very American. I started with the Everly Brothers and went down that path. I never went anywhere near folk music for the first 15 years. Not sure if that was a conscious or subconscious choice.

Did you ever consider doing anything other than music?

Not really. I was never very good at anything else. In some ways I think I became a musician by default because that is where I showed some promise. Coming from a family of musicians, you believe it is a real job or viable career because that's what your parents do.

Besides the Everly Brothers, who else influenced you?

Buddy Holly and Chuck Berry. I was never really a guitar lover, but I appreciate Chuck Berry as a songwriter: to-the-point, two-and-a-half-minute pop songs with great lyrics. You had to be witty, insightful, catchy and get to the chorus quickly. It was the original pop music.

As a songwriter, is it your goal to get to the point as quickly as possible?

I like that. I've expanded slightly after being exposed to other kinds of music and have wandered into more expansive songs. I've written a few six-minute songs, but essentially I'm drawn to short pop songs.

Tell us about your songwriting process.

I work hard in certain parts of my life, but I think it's sort of natural for musicians to have a lack of discipline. I didn't go to college, and I think that is where you learn to manage your time and plan ahead. Musicians never get that. Well, I didn't anyway. When it comes to the idea of writing songs, I give myself a deadline of some kind. I went to an office for a week with ten or 12 half-finished songs to finish the record. The inspiration part in the beginning is kind of easy. Structure and editing are hard for me.

On *Bella*, your latest album, the song "Looking for a Girl" includes the line "I been looking for a girl who smokes and drinks." What is it about a girl like that?

They're easy. She's drinking. That's a good sign. She's smoking—may have an oral fixation. That might lead to drug use, which makes it even easier. (*Laughs.*) I'm joking. The song's lyrics are very tongue-in-cheek. The song is a list of all the kinds of things that men are superficially looking for in women. Of course, those are none of the things you should be looking for in a woman that you want to have a relationship with. The point I guess I'm trying to make is it's not that kind of girl I sing about in the song. If I'm looking for that, I'm never going to find a real girl.

Have you experienced groupies?

A little bit. I tend to attract a lot of middle-aged women and MILFs at my shows, although they're not really my style personally. I don't sleep with them, and I tend to chase after their daughters. Middle-aged ladies tend to be the crazy ones. On the last tour, a few of them came to five or six shows in a row. I hang out and sign pictures after the show. They're the ones saying, "Can we take a picture? Can I have a kiss? Another one?" I don't know why I attract them. I think it's because my singing is kind of old-fashioned, and it reminds them of things when they were young.

Have you ever had a threesome with a mother and daughter?

No! No! No! Yeah! No! (*Laughs.*)

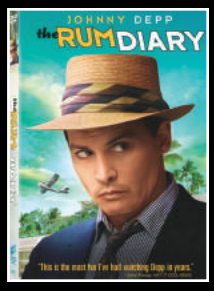
DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

To hell with getting a tan—grab a beer and pop these into your DVD player.

GAME OF THRONES: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

HBO's visually striking fantasy-drama follows two powerful families engaged in a brutal cat-and-mouse game to seize control of the Seven Kingdoms of Westeros, a mystical realm where summers span decades, and winters can last a lifetime. As betrayal, lust, intrigue and supernatural forces envelop the kingdoms, their bloody quest for the Iron Throne has unforeseen and far-reaching consequences. Celebrating the luxuries of cable freedom, *Game of Thrones* is a saga bristling with violence, nudity and sex.

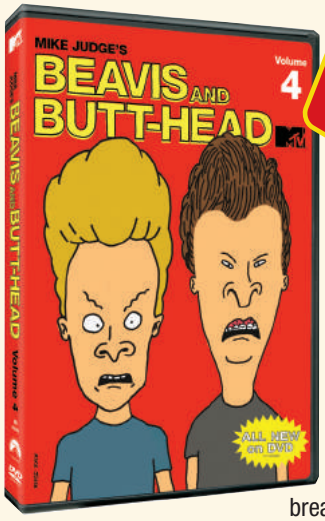


THE RUM DIARY

Based on a semiautobiographical novel by Hunter S. Thompson, *The Rum Diary* follows New York journalist Paul Kemp (Johnny Depp) as he embarks on an alcohol-fueled journey across 1950s Puerto Rico. While adapting to the rum-soaked life of the Caribbean island, Kemp takes on a freelance writing job for a local newspaper that gets him caught between a shady American businessman and a beautiful blonde. This comedic drama features Depp's second turn as a Thompson literary alter ego. He portrayed main character Raoul Duke in 1998's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, which sparked a deep friendship between the actor and the gonzo journalist who committed suicide in 2005.

RETREAT

This psychological thriller depicts Londoners Kate and Martin's attempt to save their marriage by retreating to an uninhabited island off the coast of Scotland. However, their getaway haven soon becomes a prison of unimaginable terror after a battered soldier washes ashore and makes a grim announcement: A lethal airborne virus is sweeping across Europe. With their lives in peril, Kate and Martin must fight for survival even when it becomes clear a raging epidemic isn't the only menace.



WIN THIS

BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD: VOLUME 4

Cornholio is back! After a 14-year hiatus, Mike Judge's original animated hit, *Beavis and Butt-head*, has returned to the small screen exactly as it left—crudely animated, juvenile and as entertaining as ever. Teeming with low-brow humor, the two heavy-breathing teens are back to critiquing bad television from the seat of their ratty sofa. However, they've expanded their repertoire from mere music videos to take aim at *Jersey Shore*, *16 and Pregnant* and other contemporary pop-culture fixtures. If you missed the dim-witted duo's ridiculous antics in last fall's season four, you're in luck. This DVD features all 12 laugh-out-loud episodes and a butt-load (as it were) of bonus features.

WIN A *BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD: VOLUME 4* DVD!

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to ***Beavis and Butt-head* Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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City _____

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Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by July 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

MOVING 'N' GROOVING

ALEXIS TEXAS

Despite her privileged upbringing, Karen (**Alexis Texas**) always had a thing for rugged guys: truck drivers, cops, moving men, whatever. Working-class dudes made her wetter than the Missouri River (though not quite as wet as the Mississippi).

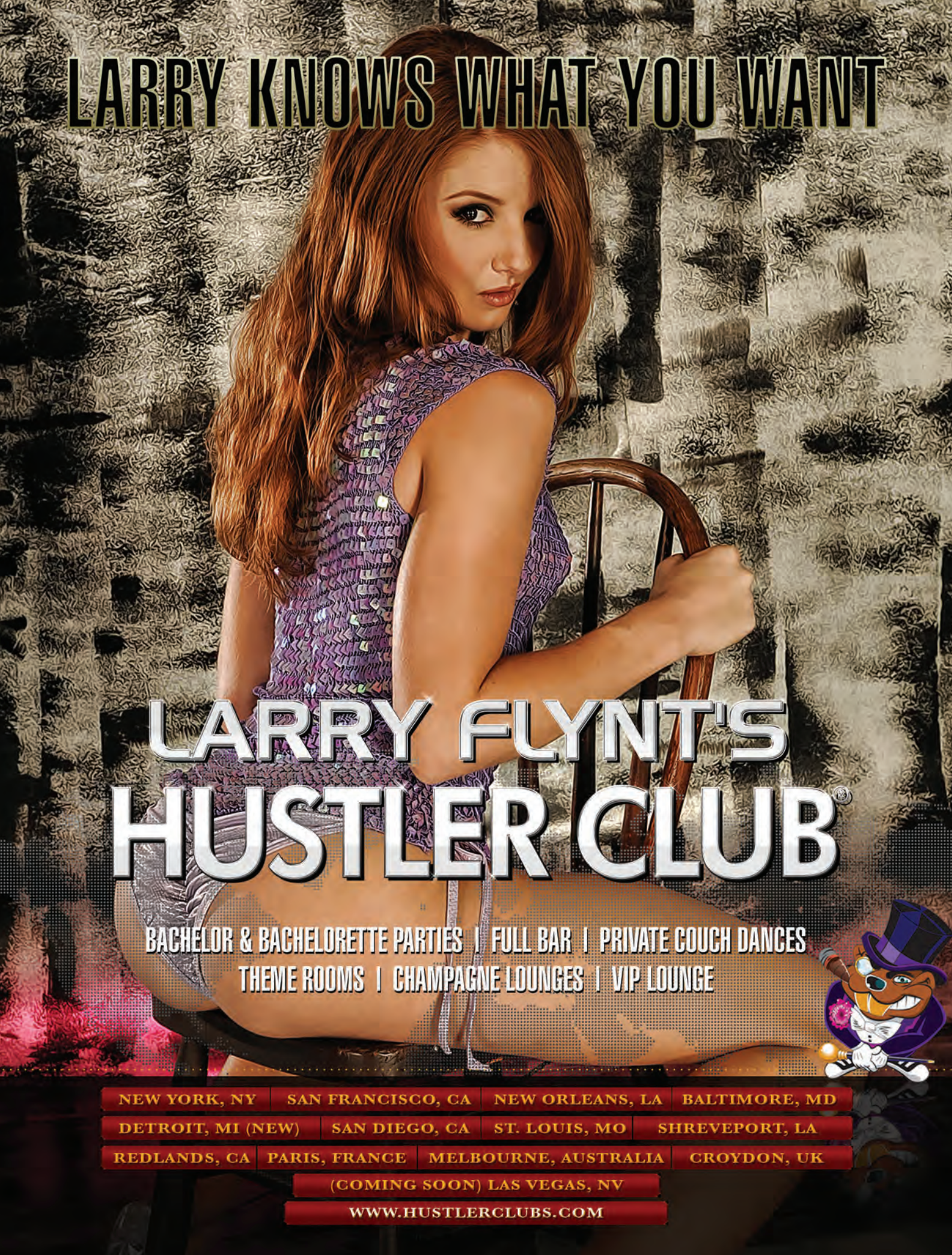
So when Karen caught a glimpse of Doug (**Alan Stafford**) lugging a refrigerator up her neighbor's steps, she rushed to make his acquaintance. Doug picked up on the sexually charged vibe right away, so he did what any respectable fellow would do in such a situation. He asked Karen if she wanted to go fuck like rabbits in the back of his truck.

They climbed aboard the vehicle. Doug shut the door behind them then took Karen on a cock-themed joyride. The lucky stiff petted, prodded and poked the bimbo with reckless abandon while midday traffic zipped right by the parked moving truck.

When the horndogs were finished fucking, Karen slipped out of the truck and continued walking up the street as if nothing had happened. Doug, meanwhile, would never be the same. He was fired from his moving job and spiraled downward. Before long, the sap found himself homeless, hooked on PCP and giving handjobs to horses. (No, Doug wasn't a perv; he found part-time work at an equine artificial insemination company.) Strangely, that was what always happened to Karen's ex-lovers.

For more Alexis Texas, we recommend *Alexis Texas Superstar* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 126 to order by mail.

Alvarado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LARRY FLYNT'S
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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Jaws of life: Darcy Tyler, Alexis Ford and Lily LaBeau (bottom) swim with the sharks.

This Ain't Jaws XXX 3D

HUSTLER VIDEO/ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: ALEXIS FORD, LILY LABEAU, PHOENIX MARIE, JAYDEN COLE, DARCY TYLER, DANNY WYLDE, ROCCO REED, DALE DABONE & EVAN STONE.

As we know from *Jaws*, Great White sharks like to feed on the Fourth of July for some reason. So do great white porn stars, like Lily LaBeau, who wraps her jaws around a big hunk of man meat in the first five minutes of this blockbuster spoof. (Right now, Steven Spielberg is thinking, *Why didn't I start* my *movie that way?*) This dead-pan parody is no laugh riot, but you have to admit, casting top-heavy, pouty-lipped skin diver Alexis Ford in the Richard Dreyfuss role is inspired. She's been in the porn industry long enough to know a thing or two about sharks. And she doesn't mind if a few more beach bunnies get eaten while she's plunging into Jayden Cole's muff. Things liven up a little when Evan Stone shows up as the salty seaman Quint, who's naturally more interested in harpooning Alexis than wasting his manly chum on sharks. Their messy, seagoing fuck scene is the climax—as it should be—but there are enough blonde dye-jobs and bloated boobs on the way there to keep you afloat. No wonder that shark is pissed off. It's the only one not getting all the pussy it can eat! Order it now on page 126. ***— M.J.***

Misty Stone (with Rihanna Rimes), Skin Diamond (with Bella Moretti) and Porshe Carrera (bottom, with Anita Peida) keep ***Romance*** *alive.*

Black Lesbian Romance

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: TB. STARRING: MISTY STONE, NYOMI BANXXX, JADA FIRE, SKIN DIAMOND, IMANI ROSE, BELLA MORETTI, PORSHE CARRERA, RIHANNA RIMES, ANITA PEIDA & JESSICA GRABBIT.

Imagine a world without dicks and nothing but gorgeous black women with nothing better to do than lick each other's twats all day. If you stopped reading and started stroking just now, get this movie. Our friends at West Coast pulled together the best black talent in the biz for this all-girl showcase. There may not be a single authentic muff diver among them, but they fake it really well. Misty and Rihanna get wet at poolside, Anita and Porshe bond over a glass dildo, and Jada and Jessica fill the screen with more brown boobflesh than is legal in most countries. (Hey scientists, if you're still searching for that dark matter, it's all here!) You'll have to reload for the rest of the movie, but Nyomi and Imani are always worth a bad case of semen depletion. And if you haven't seen Skin and Bella yet, you're in for a double treat. Sounds like a lot of tasty, chocolate-covered eye candy, you say, but is it truly romantic? Well, if your idea of love is as damaged as ours, it's a fucking Shakespeare sonnet. Play on, ladies. ***—M.J.***

Hotter than a rising sun: Behold the powerful Akira.

Asa Akira Superstar

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, TASHA REIGN, ALEC KNIGHT, RYAN DRILLER & ROCCO REED.

The Japanese are at the forefront of sexbot technology, so we have our suspicions about Asa Akira. Is she a prototype smuggled into the porn industry to see if we'll be fooled? Well, we are, and then some. If Asa's the future of sex, we're ready to max out our credit on a unit for the home, one for the office, another one for the man cave, the fishing cabin, back of the truck, plus a couple extras in case the guys come over. This movie will give you a taste of how sweet the future is going to be: wall-to-wall Asa, starting with a warm-up drilling that's as good as the best scene in most other flicks. She performs her ass off in every one of the four scenes (even the girl/girl finale), and confirms her status as the world's best Asian anal fuck. Yes, the makeup department troweled on the corny Geisha face paint a little too thickly, maybe trying to dispel rumors about whether or not she's really Japanese. But apart from that, this disc is a near-perfect demo tape for Asa fuckbot. Well done, Japan. It almost makes us want to overlook the Fukushima thing. Order it now on page 126. ***—M.J.***

*Great to be **Alive**: Tatiyana Foxx, Heather Starlet (with Casey Cumz) and Alanah Rae (bottom) seize the day.*

Swallowed Alive

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ALEXANDER DEVOE. STARRING: HEATHER STARLET, CASEY CUMZ, BRIDGETTE B., LEILANI LEEANNE, ALANAH RAE, TATIYANA FOXX, LEXINGTON STEELE, PRINCE YAHSHUA, MARK ASHLEY, MR. MARCUS & MR. PETE.

Remember when you learned in Bible school that it was a sin to spill your seed on the ground? Well, they didn't say anything about unloading it into the mouth of a hot chick, did they? Thank Christ for that! This is your basic Jules Jordan interracial fuckfest, which means it's pretty darn good. Standard-issue cornfed sows Heather Starlet and Casey Cumz get things off to a gulping start with equine stud Lexington Steele. It's like the most effective penis-extension ad you ever saw. The rest of the disc keeps the gonzo level high, which isn't hard if you've got a nice wide lens and you're not afraid to use it. Bridgette B. and Alanah Rae will keep funbag fans throbbing, and it's always mesmerizing to see that much meat disappear into a lady's anus. Speaking of which, black beauty Leilani Leeanne helps us fantasize about a truly postracial world in which all races (not just Latinas) take it in the wrong hole and act like they like it. Yes, porn can be utopian. That would have been a good last sentence for this review, but we still have to mention doll-faced guzzler Tatiyana Foxx. She may be the cutest spermivore we've seen all week. You'll have some biblical guilt after Tatiyana's scene, but don't worry; that's what forgiveness is for. Heaven here we come! ***—M.J.***

Nude Content

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: RAVEN ALEXIS, BELLA BANXX, VICTORIA WHITE, CHARLEY CHASE, JELENA JENSEN, SCOTT NAILS, TOMMY GUNN, JAMES DEEN & MARCUS LONDON.

"Don't think of it as porn; think of it as content." The magic words used by every online pimp—er, Webmaster—these days. Thanks to the power of euphemisms, struggling model Raven agrees to pimp out her friends without a second thought. This is one of those slick flicks where everyone hangs out in lofts and their favorite word is "sexy." You'll want to keep a finger on fast-forward, at least until you get to the girl/girl scene with Raven and BFF Alexis (Jelena Jensen). It's a charmer, even if they were obviously trying not to get lube all over the expensive pool table. The next willing Web slut is Charley Chase. She may be the least modelesque piece of "content" in the movie, but she's obviously the most fun. Yep, fuckability is more than skin deep. Raven finally gets conned into banging her buyer, of course, which makes for an unexceptional finale. Does she at least feel like a whore afterward? No, this is a pimp's fantasy, so she falls in love with the sleazebag. By the way, if you're using this movie as a how-to guide, be warned that they left out the sexiest part of the job: making the girls fill out their paperwork correctly! ***—M.J.***

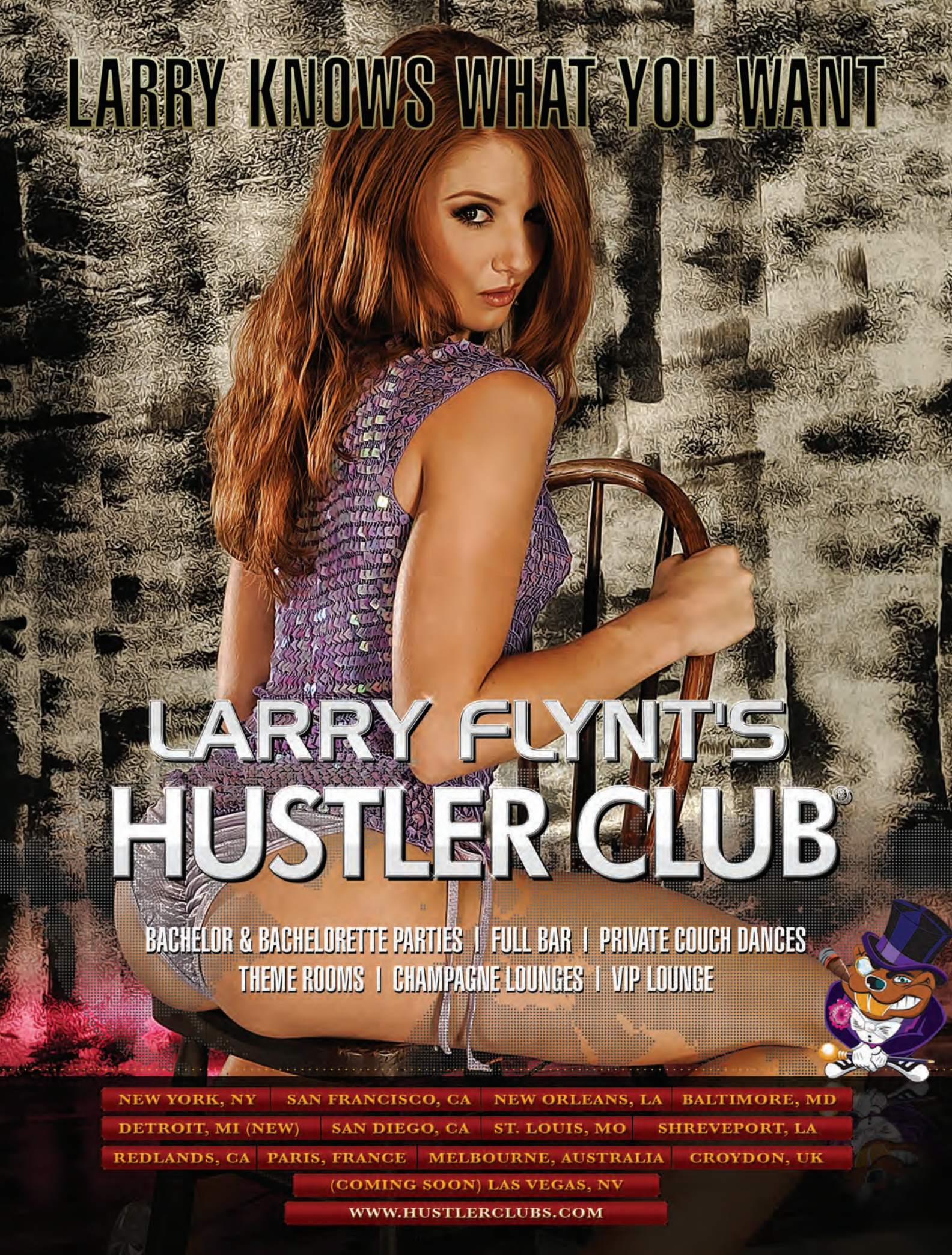
*Victoria White, Raven Alexis and Charley Chase (bottom right) generate some **Content**.*

*Thank God it's **Friday**: Alektra Blue, Nikki Delano and Kaylani Lei (bottom) get stuck in the '80s.*

Next Friday Night

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BARRETT BLADE. STARRING: ALEKTRA BLUE, KAYLANI LEI, NIKKI DELANO, STEVIE SHAE, TIFFANY TYLER, BARRETT BLADE, BILL BAILEY, BRENDON MILLER, MARCO RIVERA & SETH GAMBLE.

We're reviewing this one in honor of the mandatory-condoms bill, which might be law by the time you read this. That's right, you may have to get used to more porn looking like Wicked Pictures. The folks at Wicked have long figured that hard-core is where the rubber meets the road! (Larry Flynt sees that a little differently, by the way.) One virus no one's safe from, though, is the parody epidemic. This flick, written by Stormy Daniels, rips off Katy Perry's '80s-style bubblegum video for *Last Friday Night*, with Alektra Blue as the dorky girl in braces who has a crush on the high school hunk. Depending on how into nerd sex you are, you may prefer retainer-wearing Alektra to her standard-issue porn self. (Since when do nerdy girls have huge implants?) Unfortunately, she loses the face brace before things get too slurpy. As for historical accuracy, the compulsory safe sex isn't the only suspicious detail, but do you really care? You do? Well, Nikki Delano's too-big-for-her-body boobs will distract you, not to mention the climax of Alektra's horny journey. The colors and clothes in this flick may hurt your eyes, and the fuck scenes are more sweet than spectacular, but whatever you do, don't blame it on the condoms! ***—M.J.***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TSA: YOUR ASS IS IN OUR HANDS

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

No air traveler relishes waiting to get through a security checkpoint. It seems there's no way to avoid the long lines or the likelihood that you'll be molested by a dim-witted, power-hungry screener with a junior high education. Thankfully, the fine folks at HUSTLER Video have sprinkled some of their magical pornographic dust onto the situation, transforming an inevitably miserable experience into a flagrant fuckfest. Welcome to *TSA: Your Ass Is in Our Hands*.

The hard-core parody gets off to a rocking start when a male TSA agent (**Bill Bailey**) escorts a traveling hottie (**Samantha Saint**) into the private pat-down room. A thorough frisking leads swiftly to a full-on boning session. Equally cunning is a female TSA employee (**Amia Miley**) who decides to prove that she's worthy of the nickname her colleagues have bestowed upon her: Hot Stuff. Agent Hot Stuff picks a random traveler (**Jack Lawrence**), forces him to strip, then has her way with him. Meanwhile, in an airport restroom, a sultry stewardess (**Diamond Kitty**) is busy banging away with another security dude (**Evan Stone**).

If HUSTLER Video were placed in charge of our nation's airline safety, there's no question we'd all be flying in friendlier skies.

TSA AGENT

TSA: Your Ass Is in Our Hands is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerStore.com** or go to page 126 to order by mail.

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

YASMINE

"Screw the corporate world! I'm ready to be a nasty-ass, kinky porn star!"

"I'd love to walk into the HUSTLER office butt-ass naked," muses Yasmine De Leon, 28, a "spontaneous, uninhibited, feisty" denizen of San Jose, California. "I'm an exhibitionist, and I love being naked." But those aren't our get-the-ball-rolling Beaver's only calling card. "I have a sense of humor, I'm upbeat, and I love watching sports, especially basketball," Yasmine reveals. "I'm a personal cheerleader for my fave team, the L.A. Lakers. So what more could a guy ask for?" A horny compadre? "Okay," the onetime office worker—who's a fiery mix of Filipina, Spanish and Creole ancestry—obliges us. "I'm a bisexual, kinky, submissive kitten. My toes love to be licked and sucked; in return, I give a toe-curling blowjob. Sixty-nine is my favorite, but I also like fucking doggy-style and while I'm standing up." Extremely mobile, the 5-foot-6 neophyte also admits to "having sex on a six-hour train ride" and "giving a submissive chick some strap-on action at a comic book store." Yasmine—a fan of Thai food, *Law & Order*, songbird Janet Jackson and suspense novels—bares a superfantasy: "I'd love to be blindfolded, taken to a secret beach location and have dinner and wild sex under the moonlight." —Photos by Friend

"My boyfriend likes the fact that he has a girl other guys want but can't have."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

STAR

"I love the idea of guys looking at my pictures and getting off to them," proclaims this "outspoken and very flirtatious" newbie from Amherst, Massachusetts. "I want to be the HUSTLER girl that readers tape up on their bedroom wall." Star, 20, is a busy Beaver. "I love to write, read and draw," she divulges. "I like to go to concerts, dance my ass off and hit the gym whenever possible to stay in shape." The "devoted" fan of Britney Spears, *True Blood* and *30 Rock* also relishes another form of rigorous exercise. "I can't go a day without getting off," the 5-foot-4 bi gal confides. "My favorite position is doggy-style. I love fucking and getting eaten out, and I give amazing head. I'm especially horny in the morning. If I don't wake up with my boyfriend beside me, I reach for my favorite little pink vibrator." Interjecting a fantasy, Star gushes: "As fucked up as it sounds, I want to play rape! I think the adrenaline involved would intensify the sex." It seems that bachelor parties, online bondage modeling, "going all the way on blind dates" and *Beaver Hunt* have merely set the table for the unabashed nympho. "I have done basically everything besides hard-core porn, and I'm seriously thinking about breaking into the business," Star reckons. "I just don't know what my mom would think." —Photos by Friend

MERCEDES

Despite the recent downsizing of our venerable coozefest, we've squeezed in this "party girl and sex kitten" from Kokomo, Hawaii, for a compact encore. Like HUSTLER and the USA, Mercedes—who's been flaunting her 5-foot-6 chassis here since 2007—has her birthday celebrations in July. But the Lil Wayne, UB40, shopping and *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* diehard gets her rocks off in abundance. "I'm crazy bi and always looking to hook up," Mercedes chirps. "With guys, I'm a submissive pussycat. I give great head, my vagina is magical, and I love getting fucked in the ass. Now that I'm gonna be 27, I think it's time to fulfill my DP fantasy." Meet the ideal squeeze! Bottoms up, baby! —Photos by Kickback Productions

JEWLZ

Since Larry Flynt's flagship publication celebrated its first three birthdays in Columbus, Ohio, showcasing a Buckeye State amateur has become an anniversary-issue tradition. Bestowed that honor this year is Jewlz, 20, a "goofy, crazy and open" ex-stripper from Cincinnati. "I love being seductively naked," declares the 5-foot-6 Girl Without a Dragon Tattoo, whose left shoulder sports far sexier artwork than fictional Lisbeth Salander's. "I feel confident in my own skin," Jewlz reflects. "I have an hourglass figure—round ass, skinny waist, nice boobs—that I love showing off." Jewlz also adores "admiring other women," collecting ink mags, grooving to Tech N9ne, Twiztid and "a ton of underground bands," watching porn and outdoing some XXX sluts. "Everyone loves hanging with me!" Jewlz exults. "I am double-jointed and very flexible. I can get into many different types of positions." Now the limber vixen is in a position to be admired from head to toe. —Photos by Friend

ASHLEY

Adding Latina luster to our birthday-oriented roundup is this "bubbly, crazy, energetic" ex-cheerleader from Waco, Texas. "I feel right at home being naked in HUSTLER," hoots March '12 delight Ashley James, who'll be kissing teenagedom *adios* in July. "I love getting to fire up men's fantasies." The 5-foot-1 señorita also digs running, shopping, classic rock, hip-hop, "singing in my car," cleaning and the boob tube's *How I Met Your Mother*. But Ashley's sex life delivers the biggest thrills. "I'm bi-curious, adventurous, aggressive and very seductive," the wearing-*nada* and doggy-style aficionada discloses. We'll toss in gorgeous, alluring, piping hot and appetizing.
—Photos by Ron Neumann

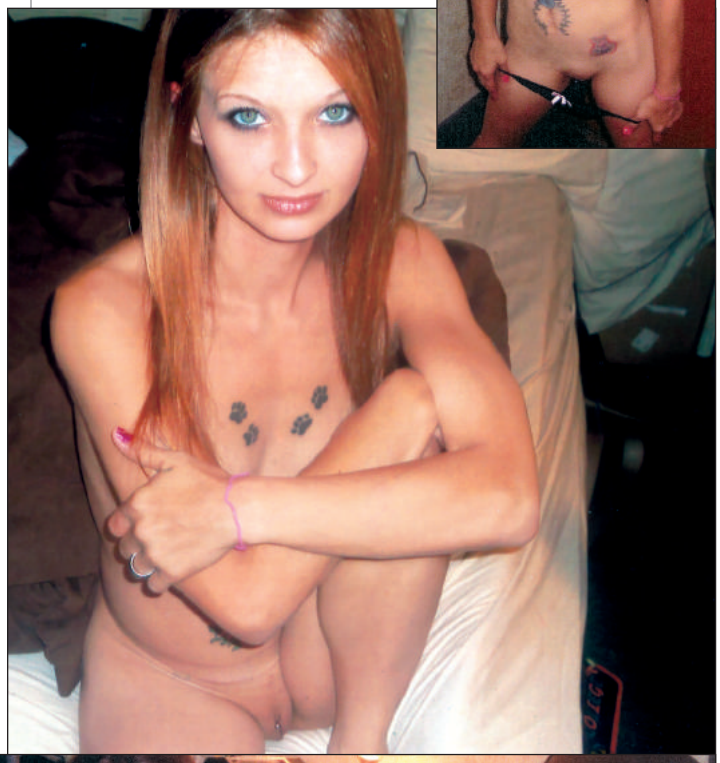
BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"In bed I always make a guy feel like it's his birthday."

TINKERBELLE

"When I look into someone's eyes, I usually get whatever I want," coos "spontaneous, adventurous and laid-back" Tinkerbelle of Bogalusa, Louisiana. Attesting to that knack is the 4-foot-11 MILF's second stint as "HUSTLER material." How could we resist? The cooking, quilting, puzzle-solving and deep-throating buff is adorable. She'll flash or get stark naked anywhere in a jiff. Plus, Tinkerbelle will be blowing out 27 birthday candles in July. At times the "big New Orleans Saints fan" likes to blow herself away. "I hardly ever masturbate because my husband is always ready to fuck my brains out," Tinkerbelle explains. "But once in a while I'll get off when I take a shower. Hot water spraying full speed on my cooter feels orgasmic." Being a Beaver also gets her off: "I love the idea that someone somewhere is getting a hard-on looking at naked little me."

—Photos by Husband



"I want to have sex with my husband in a very public place. The idea of getting caught by strangers turns me on so bad."

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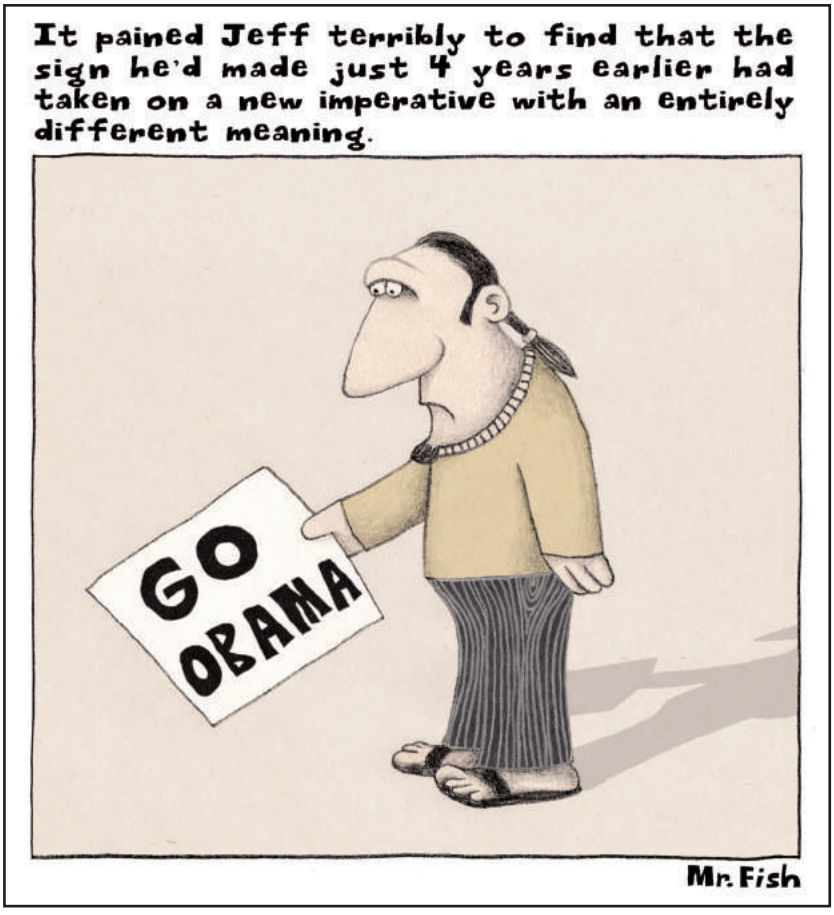
"A Robert Campbell from research and development to see you, sir."


It pained Jeff terribly to find that the sign he'd made just 4 years earlier had taken on a new imperative with an entirely different meaning.
GO OBAMA
Mr. Fish

(continued from page 38)

and loathing to its scariest crescendo. "I think the government fears fear. I'm afraid the government is going to take the property and the freedom of everybody in this room."

The titans fell silent. Not that! Not our property and freedom! Of course, for these people, "freedom" is the license to keep ripping off working-class Americans with tax loopholes nobody else gets, offshore banking, outsourced jobs and Wall Street "capitalism" (privatize the profits and socialize the losses by making us bail them out).

"The government should fear that we will take its power away from it and put it into the hands of worthy custodians of our freedom," Napolitano added as he finished with a quote by antisocialist John Basil Barnhill—one often misattributed to Thomas Jefferson, as the ex-judge once again did that night. (Hey, he works at Fox "News"; accuracy isn't a high priority there!)

"Jefferson articulated this," Napolitano uttered to the hushed room, "when he said, 'When the people fear the government, there is tyranny. When the government fears the people, there is liberty.'" The crowd at the Beaver Creek Resort went wild.

It was still abuzz as Charles Koch retook the stage to rally the troops for the final time, once again reminding them of the "Mother of All Wars" ahead. "We're overwhelmed in a number of areas," he said, "and one of those areas, of course, is the media—and we're overwhelmed. The media's 90-plus percent against us."

Of course, many of these billionaires own the media, if not outright, then certainly through their ability to withhold advertising dollars.

Reminding his listeners what all of this is really about, Charles Koch asked them one last time to open their wallets. "I've pledged to all of you who've stepped forward and are partnering with us that we are absolutely going to do our utmost to invest this money wisely and get the best possible payoff for you in the future of our country."

It may be war, but it's all about the payoff. Theirs, not ours. As far as they're concerned, you and I, the working class of this country—who've experienced the real pain over the past decade, who've died in the real shooting wars (as opposed to the Kochs' pretend wars), who've seen our homes illegally foreclosed, our pensions wiped out, our jobs outsourced—can go straight to hell. Meanwhile, the very men in that pavilion at Bachelor Gulch have seen their own fortunes skyrocket to all-time historic highs.

But then again, as it's said, war is hell. For us, not them. They just play toy soldier—at least when they think the rest of us aren't actually aware of what they are up to.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist and political commentator. Besides cohosting radio's nationally syndicated *Green News Report*, he is the executive editor and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

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BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

BAYLEE BANKX

AGE: 38

LOCATION: Tampa, Forida

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

"I've been naked at public beaches that frown on nudity," Baylee Bankx proclaims, "and I've even danced naked at a clothing-optional resort. I'll get undressed just about any place I think I can get away with it without being arrested." Now the registered nurse can get down to the bare essentials without fear of being busted, but she might induce cardiac arrest for guys with shaky tickers.

"I take pride in maintaining the body I was blessed with," the 5-foot-7 Sunshine Stater avows, "and I love showing off. That goes back to the days when I cheered for the [NFL's Tampa Bay] Buccaneers."

Here's something else to cheer about. Just like HUSTLER, our latest Cougar was born in July 1974. "Seeing myself in your magazine will be a wonderful birthday present," Baylee notes. "My husband loves the fact that many men find me as sexy and beautiful as he does."

But good looks aren't the bombshell's only attributes. "I'm sincere, cuddly and a real people pleaser," Baylee spells out. "I became an R.N. because I love taking care of people and knowing that I'm making a difference in someone's life."

COUGARS UNLEASHED #41

Baylee's life could be described as picture-perfect. "I love fishing, cooking, shopping, traveling, exercise and sports," the die-hard football and hockey fan discloses. "But my favorite pastime—which costs nothing—is having multiple orgasms, and I'm not shy about going after what I want. I'm a straight, horny woman who needs and enjoys sex like a man. I was born to fuck!"

Picking bedmates is a coin flip. "I have always been more attracted to older men," Baylee confides, "as they seem to have more sexual experience. But I also love younger men, as they're more apt to keep up with my Maserati engine and hungry mouth. I'm known for giving a great blowjob without the use of my hands, and I love to swallow."

Baylee Bankx was born to be in HUSTLER!

PHOTOS BY JOHN M. CONTI

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
Ashlie Madison

AGE: 21

IRVINE, CALIFORNIA

URL: **Facebook.com/AshlieMadisonn**

This month's fair-haired and fetching Facebook Girl has a message for her fans: Not all blondes are dumb! "I graduated high school with a 3.5 GPA," Ashlie proudly points out. "I admit that I was fairly social in school and a bit of a party animal, but studying always took top priority."

Aside from hitting the books, Ashlie took on her share of responsibilities, getting a healthy dose of the real world early on. "I've worked since I was 16," recalls the California native who grew up in Fresno. "I started in retail then worked as a lifeguard before moving on to stripping. I love being an exotic dancer! I sincerely enjoy people and entertaining them."

For the record, Ashlie has a toddler daughter. "I started my family at a pretty young age," she confides. "Family and friends are the most important part of my life these days."

Nevertheless, Ashlie manages to devote plenty of time to her amazing physique. "Actually, staying fit and working out are the ways I relax," the 5-foot-5 young MILF reveals. "I firmly believe that to have a sound mind, you need a sound body."

Ashlie is also a firm believer in keeping one's libido properly fit. "I like rough sex the best," she explains. "Throw me around; get crazy! I need a man to be in control."

Being more specific, Ms. Madison uncorks a few curious prerequisites: "I'm obsessed with eyebrows. The man I'm with has to have great eyebrows. A nice smile helps too, but looks will only get you so far. So please come at me with a sense of humor. Sarcasm is my favorite!"

So take note, all you whimsical, magnificently eyebrowed hunks out there: To love Ashlie…is to taunt her!

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

MEDIA IRRESPONSIBILITY

NEWS COVERAGE OF THE JERRY SANDUSKY CHILD ABUSE SCANDAL IS QUESTIONED IN THE WAKE OF PENN STATE ICON JOE PATERNO'S DEATH.

Upon confirmation of Joe Paterno's death, grieving Penn Staters built a makeshift memorial at the coaching legend's statue outside Beaver Stadium.

PHOTO COURTESY BRITTANY CORL

On January 22, 2012, Joseph Vincent Paterno succumbed to lung cancer in State College, Pennsylvania, at the age of 85. Following the legendary football coach's death, two public viewings were held, and a procession marched through the Penn State campus and surrounding community. A memorial service was conducted on January 26, with over 12,000 Penn Staters packing the Bryce Jordan Center.

Sadly, Paterno's death was not an isolated tragedy. Instead, it was the culmination of a scandalous three months in Happy Valley (State College's nickname) that shocked the nation, tarnished a coaching legacy and raised questions about the media's role in documenting the events.

A day before Paterno's death, *Onward State*—Penn State's student-run online newspaper—mistakenly reported that JoePa had already passed away. At the time, *Onward State* was the only media outlet to release the report. According to a clarification posted on its Web site, *Onward State* obtained the information from an e-mail that had been forwarded to one of its reporters. A second scribe apparently received a tip that the same e-mail had been sent to members of the football team. With these two "confirmations," Managing Editor Devon Edwards prematurely announced Paterno's death on Twitter.

Moments later, CBS picked up the tweet and ran the story. After the *Huffington Post* and *Poynter* followed suit, social media sites were flooded with reports that Paterno had died. Concurrently, other media outlets were reporting that the coach remained alive. The matter wasn't settled until the evening of January 21, when Joe's son Jay Paterno emerged to confirm that his father was indeed still fighting for his life.

In a rush to claim the story first, *Onward State*'s Edwards ended up disseminating erroneous information. Soon after the report was determined to be false, Davis Shaver—founder and general manager of *Onward State*—and Edwards mutually decided that Edwards would resign from his position as managing editor.

This miscue wasn't the first time that the media intruded upon the developing Penn State story. Students had been contemplating issues of journalistic integrity for weeks, ever since allegations of child sex abuse were first leveled against former defensive coordinator Jerry Sandusky. Desperate for stories to feed the 24-hour news cycle, a horde of reporters descended upon Happy Valley. The resulting coverage dismayed many Penn Staters, who felt that the university's reaction to the Sandusky scandal had been inaccurately portrayed.

For example, after the student body was made aware of the allegations against Sandusky, an estimated 10,000 Nittany Lions gathered on the Old Main lawn for a candlelight vigil to acknowledge the alleged victims' plight. This event received little coverage from the media. Instead, the news accounts concentrated heavily on the rioting that occurred after Paterno was fired on November 9, 2011, implying that the actions of a few thousand students were representative of the entire student body of 44,000.

Many students remain adamant that the real story isn't about Paterno or the conduct of a few rowdy students but about Sandusky's alleged criminality. Paterno's supporters contend that he fulfilled his legal obligations by reporting what he knew to his superiors, and some are outraged that the media used this opportunity to question the coach's morality and integrity.

The Penn State family, as it is referred to, went through an emotional three months. From the child sex abuse scandal to the death of their former head coach, the university has been deeply unsettled. The events themselves would have been trying enough. Unfortunately, in this case, the media's presence seems to have made things much worse.

Brittany Corl is a Pennsylvania State University junior. As a major in broadcast journalism, her studies include being a reporter, producer and anchor at *Centre County Report*, a Web site that provides news and information and also functions as a real-time laboratory for PSU students looking to kick-start their careers.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at ***Features@LFP.com***. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

ALABAMA

FRESNO CITY COLLEGE

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

Alabama was raised in a Texas Gulf Coast town that was so tiny, it didn't even have a hospital. "My parents had to drive a pretty good ways when it was time for me to be born," recalls Alabama, 19, whose name is somewhat baffling. To the best of our knowledge, the 5-foot-7 sophomore has no connection whatsoever (at least geographically or ancestrally) with the Cotton State.

But the bodacious coed would feel right at home in Dixie. "I'm a country girl at heart," Alabama points out. "In high school, I might have been labeled a rocker chick because of the crowd I hung out with, but I just really enjoyed rapping with the rocker kids. We had some damn good conversations!"

And even though Alabama was also dubbed the "class clown" back then, the young lady had big dreams. One was becoming a dental hygienist, a goal she's presently pursuing with no small degree of passion. "I'd like to finish school and start working in a dental office by the time I'm 22," Alabama avows. "But I also want to start a family and own a home."

Nevertheless, the down-to-earth bookworm isn't all about old-fashioned values. She's got a freaky side to boot. "I definitely like a man who can take control," Alabama confesses. "Someone who can really put me in my place. But occasionally, I need some tenderness and gentle lovemaking."

As far as erotic fantasies go, Alabama's favorite involves the Australian hunk who starred in *Thor*: "Hey, if Chris Hemsworth needs a good one-nighter, I'm on it!"

STARR MATERIAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Starr's her name, and starring is her dream. This raven-haired beauty has been a show-business professional for nearly five years; and when this lady works, she really cooks. **Starr**'s hot now, and she knows it. As a singer, dancer, stripper and an actress in ten feature films, **Starr**'s achieved a reputation for throwing her whole being into every assignment.

(continued from page 86)

Cydel Jimenez at the Palomino

Chelsea at the Palomino

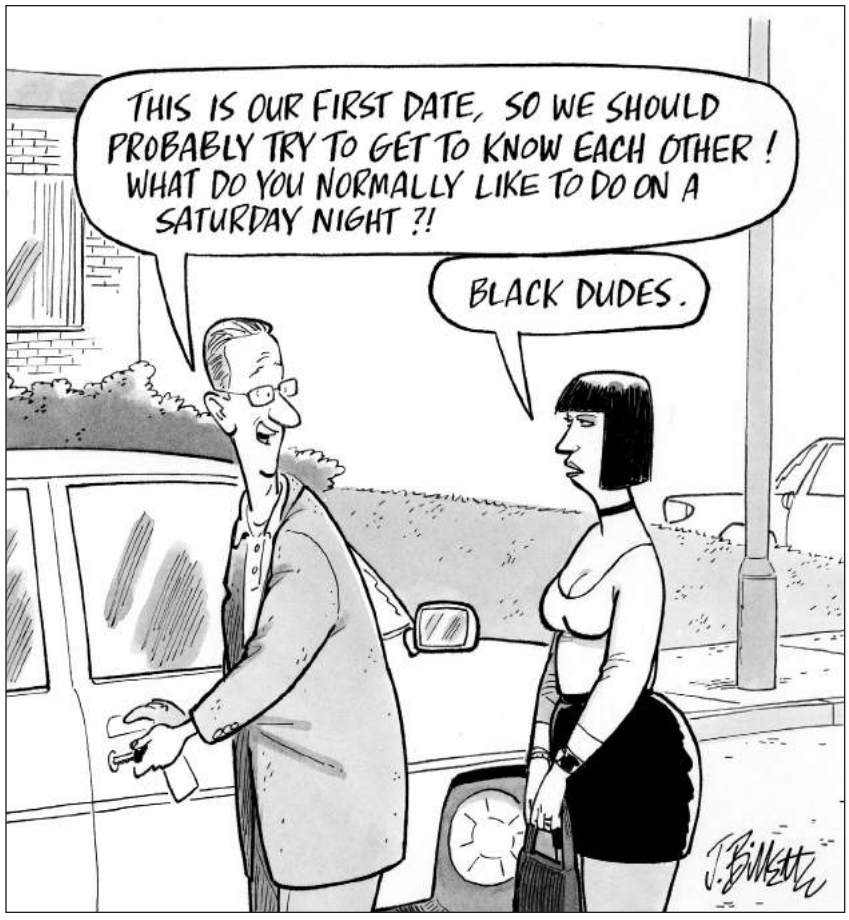
5 PALOMINO

If you feel like partying with a down-and-dirty wild bunch like it's 1969, then head over to the Palomino. Open since (you guessed it) '69, the club is a Vegas landmark and not just because of its longevity. The Palomino is the only establishment in town that's permitted to showcase fully nude dancers (even 18-year-olds) and serve alcoholic beverages.

"Because of our unique license, we're able to offer a greater selection of entertainers," Adam Gentile, the owner since 2006, proudly bragged.

And what a selection it is. These girls are young, hot, naughty and abundant. The atmosphere is cranked up, like you've walked into a large group of friends in the middle of a celebration. Seventy percent of the Palomino's clientele is local, and a lot of the entertainers know the customers by their first names. (Think the TV show *Cheers* but with naked chicks.) It's "bad girl heaven" in an old-school sort of way.

(*Palomino, 1848 Las Vegas Boulevard North, North Las Vegas, NV 89030; 877-399-2023; PalominoLV.com*)


THIS IS OUR FIRST DATE, SO WE SHOULD PROBABLY TRY TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER! WHAT DO YOU NORMALLY LIKE TO DO ON A SATURDAY NIGHT?!
BLACK DUDES.
J. Billgett

JASMINE JOLIE

The August '12 issue goes on sale May 15, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

SCI-FI ISSUE

WILLIAM SHATNER'S FINAL FRONTIER: HUSTLER MAGAZINE

Boldly going where the iconic actor has never gone before, William Shatner—best known as *Star Trek*'s Captain James T. Kirk—ventured to HUSTLER's command center for an exclusive interview. With Arts & Entertainment Editor Keith Valcourt as navigator, Shatner discusses everything from his personal passions—horses, singing and poetry—to mankind's "poverty-stricken way of thinking" about the mysterious universe. William Shatner rules!

ALIEN ABDUCTIONS: HARVESTING DNA AS A PRELUDE TO INVASION?

According to several highly credible authorities, hundreds, thousands, possibly millions of people have been abducted by extraterrestrials—most without any memory of their ordeal. Scholar David Jacobs, who's been studying UFOs and close encounters for 42 years, believes aliens are hijacking human genetic material to create hybrids that have already infiltrated the military, industry and society with an eye to a global invasion. Reporter Harry Walsh gets down to the nuts and bolts of UFO abductions, while we pinpoint celebs who seem to be alien hybrids.

WARLORD OF MARS: COSMIC COMICS

Make sure you're securely fastened into your spaceship seats as we explore *Warlord of Mars*, starring the intrepid earthling John Carter. Beautifully written and drawn, the fantastic comic books breathe new life into the classic Edgar Rice Burroughs saga.

But more cosmic fare awaits. Rounding out our first sci-fi issue is a sneak peek at Vivid Entertainment's *Star Wars* XXX parody.

JENNA PRESLEY: PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE LUBE

Mixing drugs and booze to the extreme, Jenna Presley was a zombie on the path to self-destruction until she found her savior. The "sinner" opened her arms to Jesus Christ but did not forsake being a porn star. As writer M. Allen Nathan witnessed for our "Day in the Life" feature, Jenna's "good work in the Lord's name" mixes terrific sucking and fucking with tireless devotion to those in need. Meet a modern-day Mary Magdalene.

SPORTS SCANDALS: KOBE BRYANT, DEION SANDERS ET AL.

Professional athletes are pussy magnets, explaining why so many have trophy wives; but being faithful can be a challenge. Take NBA star Kobe Bryant, whose alleged "fucking around with other bitches" could cost him 150 million smackers. Or how about Deion "Prime Time" Sanders, who's been married to a doll for about 12 years? He's rumored to be replacing her with a hottie sent his way by a notorious pal. Sportswriter Caleb Kubrin sheds light on high-prifile jocks who can't resist temptation.